

ENGLAND

London - Sept. 3, 1939, VEVERS took 3 riding elephants to Whipsn, killing 1 African to make room. On way home heard over wireless war declared.

400 incendiaries

40 - 50 high explosives } in 33 acres

18 V-1's

10 more buzz bombs on outskirts

Autumn of 1940 direct hit on zebra house; wild ass blown up into air, fell unhurt in a stokehole; Grevy zebra escaped ran into Camden town, herded back by VEVERS in car. Story of Huxley next morning. Restaurant roof afire, water main broken, firemen took water from sea lion pool.

Craters - water fowl ponds; roofs replaced, sometimes with wood or canvas; tropical bird house remodeled; camel house and raven cage. Young giraffe frightened at Whipsn. Visitor and incendiary.

Food - vegetables instead of fruit; baby chicks, sparrows, rats and mice for meat.

~~XX~~

Reptile house open; aquarium closed - store newsprint.

30 - 40 snakes killed. Rare things kept in wooden tubs.

Explain glass shattering.

Rarities today - tiny galagoes breeding, kusimanse (rel to civets), green squirrels, aardvaarks, herd of camels (obtained from Russia before war, now selling at £1000 each), amethyst starling (white below, purple above), tinker bird (black and yellow, thumb-size, voice like a gong).

Ezra - Foxwarren

Parrakeets, Alexandrine, green-winged kings, golden ringnecks (his own selection). Wallabies, muntjacs and blackbuck among oak, birch, beech, copper beech, rhododendrons. Vickers plant making Wellington bombers; workers ordered to shelters, ~~ma~~ played football instead. 150 incendiaries fell among cows, no damage; high explosive near house, no damage; underground shelter for evacuees. Aviators landed in field in fog, couldn't get out because of fence. Rolls-Royces, no gas. Food plentiful from own garden.

Whipsnade -

400 acres of park, 150 of farmland. Zebra paddock - whole Regent's Park, 33 acres. Antelopes, llamas, birds, wolf forest.

Woburn Abbey -

15,000 acres, finest oak forest in England. 200 Pere David deer. 18 wisent, 2000 deer including sika, water, fallow, axis.

Part of house dates to Henry VIII; Robt. Hobbs, last abbot hanged in 1538. Main house 17th. Renaissance -

*Gift in China
to E. & A. Royal
Palace - Beijing*

Leckford

Spedan Lewis bought village - thatched houses, postoffice
Finest aviaries we saw in England - lavender and gray
tragopan peacock pheasant, Temminck's pheasant, Rothschild
schild's mynah, Prince of Wales parakeet. Fields
with running streams full of rare water fowl breeding
there - chestnut-breasted geese, Siberian geese red-
breasted, black-necked swans, Chilean pintails, Cape
teal. All little ducklings or goslings under Bantam hens
Gardens with delphiniums, lilies, gentians, roses
a mock orange (*Purpurea maculatus*) very sweet; distant
fields green or blue with flax or red with poppies;
cob wall, Hampshire chalk with thatch.

FRANCE

Paris

International Union - distemper of cats, parasites in
okapi, period of gestation of sloth, effect of light and
heat on reptiles.
Jardin des Plantes - elephant house 1811. New (1938)
monkey house and lion house. Animals - malnutrition -
three-footed leopard.
Vincennes - Moon - Chimp island, baboon island, okapi,
herds of deer, gibbons, 3 giraffes, 3 elephants

Cleres

V-bombs, many duds. Chalk marks on walls, German; many
animals and birds shot during occupation. Bar-headed
geese, blue geese, turkeys, wallabies

SWITZERLAND

Bern

New Zoo, on banks of river. Trio of moose, young born.
Reindeer, lichen expensive. Good aquarium, bird house.
Only woman director. Bear pits.

Zurich

Same as 10 yrs ago. flamingos in rose garden, wolverine,
watussi. Malayan snakes

Basel

Ravine, good buildings, pleasant quarters. Flamingos
take walk. Good bird collection. 5 chamois on rock.
Capybaras and spotted hyenas breeding.

GERMANY

Berlin - Budapest game. Leipzig Han. Han. Han.
Clerfeld -

Munich

African elephant. 7 Indians. Onagers (none in America)
breeding here, also yaks, Przewalski's wild horse, watussi
zebras; banteng, gayal, hippos (2 females with young);
chamois, ibex. Baboon's eyesight. 3 generations chimp
Phosphorus bomb poisoned pygmy hippos. Amazing aquarium
24 pirai in 1 cage; 100 neon fish. Aurochs, forest horse
Aurochs ~~died~~ in Poland in 1627; known from cave drawings
and medieval woodcuts. Horse gray, white nose, short
black mane, black stripe down back, on legs. Last wild
horse died in Ukraine in 1879 -
Lippe- Detmold stock - ran wild - "feral"
may have mixed w. genuine wild horse -

Am. aviator -

Caesar - bullfights
Ancestry dom. cat
Evolution in
renewal. heander -
that man?

Nurnberg 150 acres. Hilly, wooded, rose sandstone outcroppings. Birkmann. Wisent, watussi (not pure stock). Lions, tigers, polar bears, chimpanzees - young one with first banana. Backgrounds. Lion house - bridge, tunnel. Trade 2nd hand truck tires and sack of millet for 2 young lions with Leipsic.

Holland

Rotterdam World's Fair. Old Zoo and realestate. Opened 1942 - Germans took orchids and elephants. Big restaurant, flags, white-painted buildings, gardens, botanical garden with Victoria regia lilies, orchids, pitcher plants, bedding plants, tomatoes for animals. 3 hippos, 2 chimps, young orang, water fowl. Coffee, cheese.

BELGIUM

Antwerp R. R. Station, windows still out, roof gone. Antelope house gone, lion house roof unsafe. Greenhouses (Tropical House) destroyed. During war lawns and gardens were cabbage patches, ~~landscapes~~ May 1940 carnivores shot. 1941 fish-eaters died. 1944-45 coldest winter, reptiles and fish died. Place in affection of people. Children feeding animals - llama cart and swill. Gardens replaced with 20,000 shrubs and plants from airport. 56 laurel trees in pots, 100 - 200 yrs. old. Bird house.

5 giant salamanders
broke ice - still live

Campbell

No 12 of Weesner Jr.

23 40 Greenfield Ga.

Knoxville Tenn.

NOTES ON GOVERNMENT OF LIBERIAN HINTERLAND

Liberia divided into three provinces - Western, Central, Eastern
Each of these divided into three districts

Provincial Commissioners and each district commissioner appointed by President.

Paramount Chief governs each tribe, elected by Council of Clan Chiefs, a clan consisting of not less than 20 villages.

Clan Chiefs elected by popular vote of members of Clan.

Council of Chiefs, administrative board, meet not less than once a month.

Town Chief elected by people of town.

Paramount Chief entitled to a farm, 37 bushels of seed rice, labor and sowing but not harvesting.

Clan Chief 10 bushels of seed rice.

Paramount Chief entitled to four messengers, Clan Chief to two.

During farming season no court cases are held except criminal cases

Marital Law

In question of dowry no man allowed to refund dowry to husband. All dowries paid only to parents or guardians.

If wife leaves husband she returns to her parents, who refund the dowry. Legal dowry not to exceed \$50.00

Should a man estrange the affections of a woman from her husband, the husband shall be entitled to damages of \$100. Payment does not entitle man to possession of woman. This applies to head wife; with secondary wife penalty \$10. If woman has represented herself as unmarried no penalty.

No man married with the Christian rite can legally marry according to native custom, nor if such man contracts union with pagan woman can he recover dowry if marriage dissolved.

Marriage by native custom legal for Mohammedans and pagans. Should a Christian already ~~be~~ married by Christian rite or civil marriage contract marriage by native custom he may be prosecuted for bigamy.

Unmarried Christian may contract legal marriage by native custom. Offspring will be considered legitimate. While this native marriage exists, he can have no legal union with a civilized person.

The Human Leopard Society is illegal. Penalty imprisonment not to exceed 20 years, except in murder cases where capital punishment is imposed.

Negee, Shusha, Toyn, Kela, YamaYama, and all societies of a political nature are illegal.

Porro (men) and Sundae (women) societies, being of a cultural nature are permitted, but authority must be given by the District Commissioner for their formation. No session shall last more than three years.

February 15

We spent the morning packing last things, all our trunks and most of our gear having gone up to New York last Saturday. Bill wanted to make a last-minute visit to the Bank and the Smithsonian, and I went along. John Graf came with us for an early lunch at the Madrillon, and Melvin Hildreth joined us there. Mr. Walker drove us down to the station, and we boarded the four o'clock train.

When we got in we went to Mort's, but we were both too tired and sleepy for the usual party, and went early to bed.

February 16

After one of Mort's leisurely breakfasts, we moved over to the Belmont Plaza, and arranged rooms for ourselves and for Roy, Jennier and Norris, who were to arrive shortly after noon. They did not come in time for the farewell luncheon arranged by the Firestone people but presided over by Frank Buck, which was held at the Ambassador. Mr. and Mrs. Carveth Wells were there, Dr. Blair and Crandall from the New York Zoo, Dr. Dickey, and others. Frank made a brief speech, and so did Bill. Then we went back to the hotel, picked up the boys, and went out to the Rockefeller Institute to get our yellow fever vaccinations. We were much relieved to learn that 95 per cent of the vaccinees feel no reaction at all, and that not until the fifth or sixth day.

We had our farewell dinner at Luchow's, with the Frank Bucks, Duff, Mort, and the Carveth Wellses. Then back to the hotel, where a telegram was waiting for us saying that the Geographic liked (and accepted) Bill's ape article - said it was the best thing he had ever done.

February 17

The morning's excitement consisted mainly in reading the New York papers' accounts of our expedition. The World Telegram had a good story about me, illustrated with a sappy picture of me trying on my sun helmet in front of a mirror. The Post carried a small paragraph which was entirely enclosed with stories of current disasters at sea - a nice frame for the story of us setting out on a small boat for a three weeks journey. The five of us had lunch together at the hotel, and at two o'clock Mr. Wells called for us in his car to take us over to Brooklyn to the pier.

Brooklyn, as usual, was as big as all outdoors and twice as hard to find your way around in. After bumping over ruts in snowy backstreets we eventually reached Atlantic Dock, Pier 36, and all said, with one breath, as we saw the West Kebar, "Why, that's a big boat!" It was a little larger than we had expected, and when we were told that it was nearly 10,000 tons - about twice as big as the Silverash, we thought we might manage to be fairly comfortable.

It was a bright, sunshiny day, with snow melting in the sun, but still piled high in corners of the deck. Bernice and

Johnny were already aboard (B. is to sail with us), and quite a crowd of friends were seeing off the other fellow passengers. Mr. Rahbeck of Firestone and Mr. Finch of the Barber Line were on board, and when our friends had said good-bye we settled down in the dining room for some liquid refreshments. I needed a couple of stiff drinks to make me forget Carveth Wells gloomy remarks on life at sea. He considers that one always takes ones life in one's hands when one sets out on a ship, and sleeps with one hand on his life belt and the other on a knapsack already equipped with brandy, aspirin, and other lifesavers. His first comment on seeing our ship was "Good Lord, she is loaded - way down below the Plimsoll line!" I don't think he really expects ever to see us again.

We sailed finally at five thirty, pulling out of the ice filled harbor just as dark and cold settled down. Expecting bad weather, I unpacked the few things I thought I would need during the first few days. After a supper which we were all too tired and too excited to enjoy, we went early to bed.

February 18

To our surprise, we woke to find calm blue seas and sunny weather. We straightened out the cabin, which is none too large considering the amount of books, cameras, typewriter, stationery, etc., that clutter it up. In a wool suit and a camel's hair coat I was quite warm enough on deck, and too warm inside the rooms which are thoroughly steam-heated.

The passengers quarters are under the bridge, under the captain's quarters. We have to cross about thirty feet of deck to reach the dining room, which adjoins the officers quarters in the center of the ship. The dining room is small, but holds two tables, one seating seven, the other six - if they sat at one table it would make thirteen. The ship carries twelve passengers, and the captain eats with us. The captain, Bernice and Mr. and Mrs. Zarpas are at our table. The Z's are from Lagos - he is a Greek trader there - and are on their way home after a few months leave in the States. Norris and Jennier are at the other table, with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Nelson, Miss Wells and Mrs. Hedges, all missionaries, and all Disciples of Christ except Miss Nelson, who is Evangelical Mission, all are headed for the Congo, and all (except Miss Nelson) veterans of fifteen to twenty years out there.

February 19 - 23

I realized the ship was rolling when I first awaoke, but as I got out of bed and found myself hurled from the bunk to the washstand and back again, I realized that we were in really rough weather. For four days we rolled and pitched constantly, with waves sweeping the deck, sudden rainstorms lashing us, even thunder crashing over us one afternoon. I worried for a while about our cargo, which is gasoline and kerosene, and wondered how much rolling about was necessary to generate spontaneous combustion, but eventually got more or less used to it. Our cabin was twice awash, the first time in the middle of the night when a large wave rolled in through the porthole in Bernice's room

which is next to ours. It is pretty discouraging to have all your books and papers swimming about on the cabin floor while you wonder just how water-tight your metal trunks and suitcases are. Apparently no damage was done, and sailors came and mopped up for us in short order.

We passed a ship one evening about nine o'clock; it was sailing along with no lights at all, but flashed on its riding lights for a few moments while it was close to us. Our radio man asked them who they were, but they did not answer, apparently a French or British freighter that did not want to give its position to a possibly listening German raider. We ourselves turn on all the lights at night, and have a big flood-light on each side to illuminate the American flag painted on both port and starboard sides of the ship. Another flag is painted on the boat deck, and one on a hatch cover. Nobody can mistake our nationality at any rate. (1)

Days are monotonous when the weather is bad. There is no place to sit except in the cabin which gets pretty stuffy or in the dining room, which is much too warm. Every step one takes has to be a careful one, for it is difficult to keep one's balance. Going back and forth across the open deck is hazardous with great waves breaking completely over it. I got a nice salt water shower one night most unexpectedly. Glasses and soup plates slide off the table. Everybody has a few bruises, but nobody has been really hurt, which is lucky, with no doctor on board.

The night of the 23rd was the roughest, with waves crashing against the ship, and breaking over the bridge at regular intervals. Most of the portholes leak a little. However, we plow along, making about 230 miles a day, and one finds out all over again what a lot of punishment a ship can really take. And it is a good chance to get caught up on reading. If you lie in your bunk with a book in front of you, it takes your mind off the cockroaches. Nobody has been seasick, except Miss Nelson, and she has now recovered.

February 24

A beautiful bright blue day, with the sea subsiding. The steering wheel broke early this morning, and the ship is now being steered from the poop, while the engineer tries to mend it. It is the first day that has been calm enough to enjoy being out on deck, or to get out the typewriter. In rough weather the carriage doesn't slide properly, and one keeps on writing letters on top of each other.

(1) All night a watchman stands on the forecastle head, and as the bells ring at half-hour intervals, he echoes them on his bell, and calls out "Eight bells and all lights burning," so that the man on the bridge will know that "our flag is still there."

2
March 2 -

Yesterday we passed about a hundred miles north of the Cape Verde Islands, and are now only 36 hours from the African coast, but although the sun is hot the breeze is still cool, and a sweater or coat still feel comfortable on deck. This is the calmest day we have had, for although there have been no more real storms there has been a steady roll, with a good deal of pitching and tossing thrown in. The Chief Engineer said the other night that he never remembered a voyage where it had been so "consistently choppy." (Understatement.)

The time has passed quickly and happily. The missionaries are packing today, for they expect to leave us at Dakar the day after tomorrow. We shall miss them, for they are most interesting to listen to, with their casual tales of river steamers, marauding elephants, leopards that come into the mission at night, hunts in the Ubangi country, and stories of the Bantu negroes among whom they work. They are taking with them supplies for a couple of years, including everything from hymn books to carrot seeds. In the evenings when we sit around the radio in the dining room we play simple games, the most popular at the moment being "Pick up sticks", a sort of jackstraws. To watch Bernice with her small steady hands manipulating one of the sticks with as much intentness as though her life depended on it, or to watch the Chief Engineer, who is the biggest man I've ever seen, with enormous hands, working out the stress and strain of the slender pieces of wood, is good evening's entertainment.

The radio brings us a great deal of both British and German propaganda. Short-wave from the States is directed to South America and is mostly in Spanish or Portuguese. Lowell Thomas' hour came in clearly for about a week; he gave us news of the burning of the Cole Circus in winter quarters and the death of Gumdrops, the pigmy hippo born in the zoo and later traded to the Circus. Norris had taken care of the animal when it was a baby, and he felt especially sad at learning that it had been, in Lowell's words, "boiled alive in its tank".

Ocean life has become visible once more after a long stretch of apparently uninhabited water. Flying fish made their first appearance yesterday; today we have seen a shark, a school of porpoises, lots of Portuguese men-of-war, and one tern swooping over the water like a swallow over fields at home.

March 4 -

We sighted the lighthouse at Dakar at 7.54 last night - noting the exact time because we had a sweep on it, which the captain won. We stopped for the night, and rocked and drifted until morning. A small destroyer came out at about eight o'clock to lead us into the harbor, and we watched with considerable awe the number of guns on the low hills that enclose the harbor. A torpedo and submarine net of heavy wire cable stretches for about a mile, from the mainland to Goree Island, just across the harbor, and on to the mainland again. It is marked with floating barrels, and ships coming into Dakar are piloted through a narrow gate which is opened and closed again.

The town, as seen from the harbor, is pretty. Palms are along the coast, with a number of thickly leaved trees behind them, all bent in the same direction, from the strong wind. There are many big modern buildings, Government House, the Post Office, two large hotels, and several brick apartment houses, all looking bright and clean in the strong sunshine. The Cathedral, with its dome and two obelisk-like towers, overlooks the city.

The day was chilly, with a strong wind blowing constantly. The most motley crew of natives I have ever seen was waiting to help us tie up, and to begin unloading cargo. The variety of head-gear fascinated me all day - red fezes, helmets painted red or black or aluminum, turbans wrapped in various styles - sometimes just a sort of skull cap, sometimes with folds under the chin and around the neck - several woolen stocking caps, and one helmet of red and brown raffia with small ornaments woven into it and a big brass knob on top. Many of the men wore burnouses, made of everything from blue denim to patched and ragged white damask. They were a lean and hungry-looking lot, and the blackest negroes possible.

Our ship tied up, to our considerable discomfiture, right alongside a coal yard, and as there was a ship there being coaled, the derricks were working, and the wind brought coal dust in clouds onto our ship. In ten minutes we all had black faces, and the white paint of the West Kebar was speckled and gritty. It was nearly noon before the agent came aboard, and we asked about the possibility of obtaining a pass to go ashore. He went off with our passports but came back with the news that the Commandant would allow no transit passengers to leave the ship.

Unloading of cargo began promptly. Three thousand barrels of gasoline and kerosene were taken out of Number 1 hold, three big caterpillar tractors and a huge road-scraping machine came out of Number 2, with much screaming and shouting. The natives do not understand English, of course, and the mate had to pantomime instructions to get the great ~~unwieldy~~ unwieldy crates out of the hold and overside. Two of them weighed 11 tons, and one weighed 18 tons, but with cables around them, and the big boom working they were lifted out and over and set down on the wharf. Tin, tobacco and cigarettes were other cargo for Dakar.

The missionaries finally left us about three o'clock, to set out to find a hotel, and to see what news they could get of a ship that would take them on down the coast. We were sorry to see them go, especially Marian Nelson, who is so young and seems so unprepared for the sort of life she is going to have in the Congo.

About five o'clock we finally got a pass, which stated that Monsieur William Mann would be allowed ashore from 6 to 20 o'clock if he stayed within the limits of the quai and the jardin zoologique. The agent told us that the zoo director would come aboard in the morning to take us out to the zoo himself. The Captain and some of the officers went ashore for the evening, but we all stayed on board, and Bernice and I played anagrams to pass the time.

March 5 -
6 -

Up bright and early so as not to miss the zoo director when he came to call for us. Unloading began at 6.30, and continued noisily all morning. We stayed on the upper deck, leeward mostly to avoid the coal dust, and watched our neighbors in the harbor. A swift and sturdy looking banana boat, flying the French flag, was near us, and a freshly painted Portuguese freighter gradually lost its brightness as the coal settled over it. A small Polish freighter set us all to speculating; what would be the home port of this ship-without-a-country? Greek, Italian and Belgian steamers were either riding at anchor or tied up to wharves near us. But the theme of the harbor was war, not commerce, with British airplane carriers, warships, destroyers, auxiliary cruisers, and airplanes and amphibians around and above us. The Uhenfels, once a German merchant ship, was being coaled under the British flag; it had been captured somewhere between here and South America only a few months ago. Towards noon the airplane carrier, with its wide cleared decks and top-heavy tower moved out to sea, as did other British and French boats.

We watched our going-ashore clothes turn dark with soot; the Senegalese slung big boxes, marked "Glass: Handle With Care" into cargo nets and out of Number 2 hatch; Bernice played Circus Echoes on her portable victrola; occasionally automobiles came speeding down the wharf toward us, but never one of them contained the promised zoo director, and at one o'clock we finished unloading and moved slowly away from the wharf without ever having put foot ashore.

"Dakar? Oh yes; that's where we anchored in the coal yard."

But Bill says it's French and to hell with it.

Hardly were we well out to sea when the rumble of heavy guns began to shake the air. We all went up on the upper deck again, and by the aid of glasses could watch what looked at first like a naval battle in progress. We could see the flash of the gunfire, and then when the shell hit the water a great red flare went up, like a column of smoke and spray. Eventually we could make out the target, a large flat square, as well as the French warship which we had seen that morning. It was only practice, but as far as we could see no direct hits were scored.

Thompson ship
packed with
Senegalese in
Rhakke & red
pegs

French

March 7-

We reached Conakry, French Guinea, early in the morning, and waited hopefully for the official who would give us news as to the possibility of our going ashore. As soon as he had spoken to the Captain, we saw the sign go up over the gangway "No Shore Leave" and our hearts sank, but with the aid of an interpreter the Captain learned that passengers could go ashore with a note from him certifying who they were.

A native priest came on board to see about getting a passage to Freetown for his wife (he was an Anglican priest); we got talking to him, and he volunteered to take us all into town in his car. It meant piling six of us, including the Chief Engineer, into a small Ford, but we sat on each others' laps, and in a few moments were in P.Z.'s. This is one of the chain stores along the coast; Paterson & Zachonis is apparently in every town in West Africa. Bernice and the boys bought themselves topis, and the priest then took us out to see a man named Vialla, who calls himself Chasseur de Caimans. We thought he might have some other animals besides crocodiles, but that was all he had, and dead ones at that. He had some handsome bags and cigarette cases made of crocodile skin, and showed us some fine photographs that he had made of animals and of scenery in French Guinea. We all went across the street to a verandah cafe, and sipped Dubonnet and soda, while he talked to us about his country and the one to which we are going. Liberia, he promises us, will be very droll, with the government all black!

Our next call was the native market, where we saw kola nuts, mangos, and many things we were unable to recognize. One pitiful thing about these native markets is the small quantities of things that are displayed for sale: One onion divided into segments, two thin slices of papaya turning brown in the sun, little piles of native condiments a teaspoonful on a leaf.

The day was hot, but the streets of Conakry are so shady with their magnificent avenues of mango trees, whose branches meet and interlace overhead, that we didn't mind strolling about the town. We walked to the restaurant that Vialla had recommended, where we had vermouth, and then asked for lunch. Apparently it was a pension and not a hotel, and didn't serve transients, but we eventually wangled some sandwiches, which turned out to be absolutely inedible. The bread was so tough, and the salami and sardines so strong, that we abandoned the idea of having lunch at all. By the time we got back to the ship in the middle of the afternoon we were hot and tired with the unaccustomed exercise - nearly three weeks since any of us had walked more than the length of the ship.

March 8 -

We anchored for several hours last night so that we would not reach Freetown before daylight. We were in the harbor, and anchored about half a mile off shore when I woke up, but by the time all the officials had visited us, and we had permission to go ashore the morning was half gone, and we decided to wait until after lunch.

Mr. Philip (?) Carroll came on board looking for Bill. He is an animal collector who has worked for Trefflich and Ruhe, and wanted to sell us some stuff. We went ashore with him after lunch, and he took us in his car out to his place, about seven miles, where he had 22 chimpanzees, and a number of mona monkeys, grey-cheeked mangabeys, military monkeys, green monkeys, one bush pig, crowned cranes, a turacou, and a couple of pythons. The chimps were grand, all of them young except one big female with a baby, and most of them tame.

Upon coming back to town we did a bit of shopping, at P.Z.'s, and a bit of drinking at the City Hotel and the Grand Hotel. The harbour has a number of warships in, and both hotels were full of naval officers, very trim in white helmets, singlets and shorts.

Carroll

~~Viaika~~ sent for a native who had a small harnessed antelope. He brought it up on the verandah of the City Hotel, with a collar and rope, and Bill bought it for ten shillings. It is a sweet little thing, big-eared, big-eyed, with the tiniest little black feet. I hope it lives, but it seems so tiny and fragile, and it will have to do so much traveling before we get it home. Norris brought it on board in his arms, and it soon made a place for itself under his bunk.

While we were in the City Hotel a strange looking young man with a black beard came up and spoke to Carroll, introducing himself as Dr. Selden. He came from an Anglican Mission away in the interior of Liberia, and had come into Freetown to visit the dentist. He joined us for the evening, and he and Carroll regaled us until small hours of the morning with tales of the West African Coast. We brought them out to the ship for dinner, and they stayed all night.

We had our first experience with a black-out. All lights had to out at 7.30, leaving only the little bed lights which made a gloomy light in the cabin. In the dining room, where we sat for most of the evening, only one light was turned on and the curtains were pulled across the portholes. When we have had so much illumination all during the journey, it seemed very strange to have to feel one's way along the deck in pitch blackness.

March 9 -

Spent the morning in port, in fact did not sail until 2.30, but none of us went ashore.

We were ready to sail about eleven o'clock, but the port authorities have made a new rule since the West Kebar was here last, forbidding any ships to sail unless the tide is just right. Our jovial Captain Bogdan was angry for the first time since we have known him.

March 10 -

We awoke to find a hot, liquid morning and an oily sea. Perspiration drenched us as we finished our packing. The Captain had said we would arrive at 3.30, and exactly on the minute our anchors went out, halting us about two miles off the Liberian coast. A low hill rises from the sea, and the town nestles in a curving part of the beach - not a deep enough curve to make a harbor. Just south of the town itself, half way up the hill which looks pleasantly green, is Firestone's Number One house, Mamba Point, and beyond it the unfinished American Legation and beyond that the British Legation. Through our glasses we could make out the shapes of boats coming out to meet us. All along the coast waves were breaking, and in places the surf looked rather high. In one spot a sand bar, with a brief open break in it, makes enough protection for small boats to get in to shore. Two, then nine, then fourteen surf boats could be counted, and slowly they came close enough for us to make out which ones were loaded with the Kru labor which the ship takes on here, and which ones were officials. The Customs boat had to reach us and its officials come aboard before anyone else could come on. Once our passports had been inspected and found satisfactory, the Firestone people came up the bouncing companion way - Bernice, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, and several others.

It was after five o'clock (and several beers) when we were all ready to go ashore. I had wanted a ride in a mammy chair, so that West Coast contraption was rigged up and we all descended to the surf boat by means of it. It is something like an old-fashioned garden swing, with two seats facing each other, and holds four people. The overhead structure is a strong metal framework, into the top of which a big cargo hook goes; then the chair and its occupants are hoisted overside by one of the big booms, and lowered, with a great deal of shouting and a final bump, into the boat, where many black arms reach up to steady it. I vastly preferred it to climbing down the ladder and trying to jump from a rolling ship into a small, bobbing boat.

Eleven oars rowed us ashore, and the black boys chanted "Ka - Bo, Ka - Bo" while the sun went down behind the West Kebar in the red haze of the Harmattan season.

George was waiting for us on the dock, and we piled into automobiles for the ride out to the plantation. Of course it was dark as soon as we had left the town, but in the automobile's headlights I could recognize such old friends as sugar cane, palm trees, and miles and miles of rubber. It was the first time I had ever seen rubber in the flowering season, and the perfume was so strong and sweet that it was almost overpowering.

The Seybolds' house at Harbel is the typical plantation manager's house - a big, white frame house built on cement pillars

with large cool rooms and windows opening down to the floor.

Half a dozen black house boys brought our luggage to our room, and then served drinks in the big living room. Mr. and Mrs. Silas Johnson had been invited to dinner, but they were late in arriving, and it was about ten o'clock when we sat down to a dinner consisting of barracuda and chevrotain. George had been fishing earlier in the day and had caught a 48 pound barracuda. In the West Indies barracuda is considered poisonous, but this fish, whether it is the same thing or not, is delicious. The meat of the chevrotain is as white as chicken.

March 11 -

I awoke early, and looked out the window where a big red hibiscus blossom nodded, into the rubber trees whose fragrance filled the room. On a nearby palm a bright little green and yellow weaver bird was busy shredding himself threads of palm fibre and flying off to make them into a nest. Half a dozen boys were cutting the grass with scythes, and some little black beetles, small enough to come through the fine screen at the window, were deserting the grass for the sheets on my bed. In fact, it had been their tickling that had wakened me so early.

At eight o'clock "Circus Echoes" blared forth on the phonograph, and George called in to see if that had awakened us. He told us that he had an appointment with the President in Monrovia, and that he would take Bill along if he wanted to go. Of course Bill did, and they left soon afterwards, to be gone all day.

I kept busy with unpacking and getting settled, and in the late afternoon Bernice and I went for a walk. Hearing strange music we stopped to find a little group of natives clustered around a man who sat on the ground playing a sort of xylophone, made of wood apparently, which he tapped with two sticks to produce quite a pretty tune. Bernice asked if it were a Liberian instrument, and was told "No, it came from France." That means one of the neighboring French colonies. It reminded us both of the gamelong in the East Indies.

The Captain and the Chief Engineer from the Kebar had promised to come out to the plantation this trip, and they came in with the Campbells for drinks before dinner.

March 12 -

In the morning we saw the customs house, where our luggage arrived bit by bit, being brought up the river on lighters from Marshall; went to the Johnsons to see what animals they had for us, and found nothing of interest except two baby chimps and two fine harnessed antelope; inspected a rice shed, which George said could be made into animal quarters for us; and saw the Company store, where there is a good stock of canned goods for camping, and a small room marked "Firestone Employees Only" where one sits around tables and drinks beer.

African

We came back to the Seybolds for curry, bringing with us the Captain and the Chief, the Campbells and Mr. Burgess. It was a good lunch, and afterwards we all decided to go down the river with the Captain and do some fishing on the way back. From the Company's landing on the Farmington we got into a good big launch, which does 18 knots an hour, and started off down our first ~~tropical~~ river. For a while we just sat and watched the river bank for signs of life, and in the course of the ride saw herons, egrets, a tall Episcopus stork, a hornbill, some pigeons and rails.

Although the Captain had professed himself to be in a hurry to get back to his ship, saying that this was the longest he had ever been away from it, he couldn't resist the temptation to have a try at fishing, and the men, and Bernice, soon had handlines out the back. The launch slowed down to three knots an hour, and after only a few moments' trolling Bernice hauled in a small barracuda. Then Dr. Campbell caught a "yellow jack" (which the white people don't eat, and a grouper, which is the best eating fish of all.

We reached Marshall, the small port where the Du and the Farmington both empty into the sea, about four o'clock. Out beyond the sand bar we could see the outline of the Kebar, and we regretfully said good-bye to the ship's officers, who had been so friendly and such good company all the way out.

Then we went slowly back up the river, fishing for two hours and a half. I had the only bit of luck, bringing in a 22½ pound barracuda, about five feet long. I was astonished when I got the fish close to the boat, for it had not fought at all as I reeled it in, and I expected nothing more than a minnow from the feel of it. Well, if it's not a game fish it at least is a delicious food fish, and the Seybold household will have plenty of barracuda from now on, with George's big one still in the ice house, and now this one to add to it.

March 13 -

Did little all day except unpack and re-arrange our gear, so that camping clothes would be accessible for our first trip into the bush, when and if we can arrange one. ~~As~~ ^{Like} all new countries, it is hard to get started in our work, and it seems especially discouraging here, where so little trapping has been done. The natives are accustomed to killing animals, not to catching them alive.

In the afternoon Bill went to see an old German who has two baby leopards, and a Liberian distiller of cane juice, who promised to send out "all his men" after animals for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Heilman came for dinner. Just as we were sitting down for the first drink word came that one of the big dump trucks had overturned down by the Company store, and two or three people killed. Mr. Vipond dashed off at once, and came back to report that one man was dead, one dying, and five injured more or less seriously. The driver, who escaped with a black eye, was under arrest, and the coroner's jury would have to be summoned.

March 16 - This has been a day of parties. We were invited to the Tengwalls' for lunch, where we had an elaborate reistafel. Both Dr. and Mrs. Tengwall have spent many years in Java, and have all the proper East Indian spices for this native dish. We left about four in the afternoon, came home to sleep it off, and then dressed for a supper dance at the Club. The party was a welcome home for the Seybolds and a bon voyage for the Heilmans, who sail shortly for the States. We got home about two in the morning, after a very gay evening.

March 17 - Bernice gave us palm butter chop for lunch, an excellent native dish made with rice, chicken, palm oil and country pepper. At five o'clock we went over to watch a baseball game between the married men and the bachelors; one amusing feature was that some of the players still had a hangover from last night. Shortly before the game was over a devil dancer, accompanied by a couple of men beating drums, arrived, but the audience was not enthusiastic, as they preferred a ball game any day. From the ball game we proceeded to the Club where we were to have supper and see a movie. The supper was all right but the amplifier for the sound broke down, and the movie had to be cancelled.

March 18 - Spent all day packing and getting things in order for our bush trip. The Seybolds invited some people in for tea, and they stayed until after ten o'clock, so instead of going early to bed as we had hoped, it was pretty late when we finished dinner and turned in.

March 19 - We got up at five o'clock, and had breakfasted and packed before six. Then we had to wait until seven-thirty for the Johnsons, who arrived tired out before they started, Si having been up all night packing, and J with a boil swelling on her chin. We drove to Kakata in the Seybolds' sedan, and on about five miles more to the end of the road. All our boys, our boxes and hammocks were in two big Diamond T trucks; we saw both trucks in Kakata, and one of them followed us to the end of the road, but the other broke down on the way, and we waited until 11.30 for it to catch up with us. Finally our safari of 80 boys was lined up, and started off in line, bearing our strange assortment of bundles, trunks, boxes and guns - everything except the guns balanced on their heads. They carry 50 pounds, and everything had to be weighed as it was packed to make certain that none of the loads were too heavy. A long, hot sandy stretch, where men were working on the continuation of the road stretched ahead of us, and just as we were deciding that it was far too hot to start walking just at noon, we discovered that our hammock frames had been left behind, and it would be impossible to ride. We sent a messenger back for them, and began our first journey into the Liberian hinterland on foot. We were very much out of condition, Bill and I, after our lazy days at sea and on the plantation, and found that we were soon streaming with sweat and panting for breath. We stopped by the side of the road in the first shade we came to, and Johnny Harbor, one of our headmen, began making crude frames to swing the hammocks on. He cut saplings, tied them together with rattan, and fixed two of the hammocks so that we could take turns walking and riding. Four stalwart men carried each hammock, and we found that while it was a very jiggly way to ride, it was greatly preferable to walking in the heat of the day. Although our carriers were soon wet with perspiration, they seemed to mind neither the weight nor the sun, and sang and even danced under their loads.

Boys walking along beside us (our reserve hammock men) carried crude drums made of thick bamboo, and with chanting and drumbeating we made our way into our first native village. We stopped here to rest, to buy another water bucket, and to wait for our hammock frames, which eventually caught up with us.

A hammock frame is an arched wooden framework, covered with green cloth to shade the occupant of the hammock. A heavy board runs across the front and the back, and this rests on the heads of the four carriers. The hammock is swung from a crossbar, and although the frame adds thirty pounds to the weight of the contraption, the shade it gives is certainly welcome. As soon as we were all four riding in hammocks, we made good time, and reached Swagaju between four and five o'clock. The town chief assigned us to a small mud house, and our 80 boys were quartered here and there about the village. Our little house had a small verandah where we set up our dining table and four folding chairs, a narrow central passageway, part of which we blocked off with tarpaulin for a bathroom, and two small bedrooms, each with one window. Our cots and mosquito nets were set up, Charlie the cook opened two tins of corned beef and cabbage, and we were ready for our first night in camp.

This is Kpelle country, but it is known as KPessi - a sort of slang expression apparently, like Limey or Wop. The village, of perhaps forty or fifty thatch-roofed, mud-walled huts, was bare of any trees or greenery - just clean-swept earth. Native dogs, small brown-haired animals, came to sniff at us, but were well-behaved and seemed to be better fed than they are in some ~~native~~ other countries. The women wore a strip of printed cloth tied about their waist and reaching just below the knees; many of them had daubed their faces with white clay; the children, both boys and girls, were naked except for an occasional string around the waist, or exceedingly scanty breech cloth. The men wore nondescript garments - shorts and a cotton undershirt, a loose robe of native cloth, a breech cloth and nothing else. Mothers carried their babies tied on their backs, or brought them in their arms to see the white folks eat. An admiring throng stood close to the verandah all through dinner, and we felt very much as a circus freak must feel the first few times he sits on a platform to be stared at.

Most of our boys are KPessi, but Charlie the cook and Johnny the steward are Bassa. Word was passed around that the country devil was traveling our way, and Charlie and Johnny, as foreigners, were afraid to stick their noses out of the house, and slept huddled up in our tiny kitchen. The country devil did not appear.

After Flitting our bedroom thoroughly, and having a few large spiders killed, we slept in our little mud house very comfortably.

March 20 -

Up at 5.30, just as dawn was breaking; dressed by the light of a kerosene lantern, and breakfasted. As the boxes and trunks were packed and locked, they were taken out in front of the house, and each man was supposed to come forward and pick up his load. But the shouting and confusion that arose over this apparently simple routine was indescribable. Everybody thought that the other fellow's load was lighter than his, or else that the load he carried yesterday had in some manner been made heavier than it had been, and the ensuing

palaver sounded like a Harlem riot, and delayed our getting on the road until 9 o'clock.

We stopped at two villages during the morning, to explain to the people that we wanted animals, and would buy any they collected on our return journey. In the second village, where we ate lunch in a high, raised palaver kitchen, a baby chimpanzee was brought to us. It was an emaciated baby, but with a good coat of hair, and apparently in good condition except for being "dry" - pidgin English for thin. We bought it for £ 1 - 10, and J offered to let it ride with her in her hammock.

Soon after lunch we entered high bush, and took such a narrow winding forest trail that we were quite sure we were lost. The trees were so close together that it was impossible to get the hammocks through, so they were carried turned up sideways, and we walked all afternoon. It was cool and shady in the thick jungle, and we found walking was quite pleasant as contrasted with yesterday's hot sandy road.

The boys like to stop about three in the afternoon, but it was five when we came to the St. Paul River, and nearly six before our loads were paddled across, in enormous dug-out canoes, to Dobli's Island (Dinsu) where we spent the night. The Island is the prettiest village in Liberia, with the finest rest house, a big house, mud to be sure, but with large windows, two big rooms and two small ones. One was our living-dining room, one the bath room, and the other two bedrooms. We carry a large tin bath tub with us, a rubber mat and a square of tarpaulin. Every night the bathtub is filled with hot water for us, and we luxuriate after the heat and dust of the day. The only difficulty is that the light of a kerosene lantern is insufficient, and in the gloom you feel awfully unprotected against spiders and scorpions; and the fact that all floors are plain mud and probably infested with chiggers and hookworm necessitates a great deal of careful balancing to get your feet dry without stepping on the ground. You stand on one leg in the tub, and hope you won't lose your balance before you slip the dry foot in a bedroom slipper.

The local school teacher, dressed in European clothes and speaking good English, spent most of the evening with us, as did the Paramount Chief, Barclay, who wore the handsome native robe of woven blue and white cotton. They promised to have many animals for us on our return - even bongo being a possibility.

Townspeople brought a young hornbill, which ate ravenously, and screamed for more, and a tiny squirrel or dormouse, which ate and drank out of my hand, and curled up in my hand to sleep. It is a three-inch miniature of our grey squirrels at home, perhaps a little more reddish, with a beautiful bushy tail, bright eyes, and extreme friendliness.

J complains bitterly that the baby chimp pinches, but agrees to let it travel one more day in the hammock. The chimp has evidently had no milk since it was taken away from its mother, and we had a bad time getting any milk into it, finally managing with a rubber ear syringe, which seems to be a far better way of feeding baby animals and the old standby of bottle and nipple.

We learned that the hammock boys are fighting to carry Bill's hammock, because they like cigarette butts, and more come out of his hammock than out of the other three combined. They get several puffs from the cigarette when we consider it finished, and even share one butt between two or three of the boys. The usual curious crowd hung around the windows of the rest house watching our every move. I tossed a cigarette butt out the window, a small boy picked it up, and put it, still burning, in the pocket of his shirt. The school teacher had to call out to him that it would burn him!

March 21 -

We got down to the waterside about 8 o'clock, the Paramount Chief and the school teacher being on hand to say goodbye to us and wish us good luck and a safe journey. It took nearly an hour again to get our gear across the river, and we walked all morning, and for an hour after lunch (which we ate in the forest) along a beautiful forest trail. The only drawback is the bridges, which happen along about every fifteen minutes. They are usually two limber saplings, tied together with rattan, and require a better head and a steadier equilibrium than I possess. I finally gave up trying to get across them by myself, and adopted Bobor, our overseer, as my personal guide. When he walked in front of me, and I put my hands on his shoulders and concentrated on following his footsteps I forgot to look down at the streams below me, and was dizzy no longer.

The little dormouse slept most of the day in my pocket. He is tied with a short light piece of twine, and I fastened one end of it to my zipper in the front of my shirt so that he wouldn't scamper away when I wasn't watching him.

We reached Balala about two thirty, and although it was early in the day to make camp, it seemed like a nice little town, and it was far to the next one. The Chief was not in the village, but out on his farm, and we spent the afternoon sitting in the palaver kitchen waiting for him to return and assign us a house. The palaver kitchen, of which there are usually several in a village, consists of a low mud wall, about two or three feet high, with a high thatched roof - all sides open. This one was near the river, with huts crowded close about us on three sides. When the Chief finally got in it was nearly dark, and he said there was only one small house available, but that we were welcome to sleep in the palaver house. We accordingly set up our four cots and mosquito nets side by side, lit our pressure kerosene lantern, and then dined once more in the presence of all the villagers. They were a quiet crowd here, more so than at Dobli's Island, and they sat in solemn rows on the ground as though they were watching a theatrical performance. Two or three of the women wore leopard teeth on necklaces, and Si tried to buy them, but they refused to sell at any price.

We curtained off a small annex to the kitchen, where we could bathe and undress in private, and then climbed into bed in full view of the natives. It was a gorgeous night, with a full moon making the village as black and white as a wood-cut. As I wrote up my notes I observed that it was the first day of spring, which seems incredible in this tropical setting. Charlie the cook is still among an un-

tribe, and announced that he was afraid to sleep alone because of the leopards. I assumed that he meant real leopards, and wondered how much protection our mosquito nets were going to be to us, but it seems that he meant the Leopard Society, which is an outlawed band of professional murderers. They make raids from time to time, kill their victim, tear out his heart, cut off one toe and part of a finger, and leave the remains by the roadside. ~~At the~~ Interesting tabus in Balala are that it is forbidden here to blow a whistle in the village or to eat a chimpanzee.

March 22 -

We were up before five o'clock, and were swinging across a high bridge in the misty light of early morning. Although it begins to be daylight about five thirty, and is light at six, the sun never gets above the tall trees of the surrounding jungle before 8.

My hammock carriers are the speed demons of the outfit, and go yodelling through the jungle with such a racket that there is no chance of ever seeing any forest life. Occasionally a monkey can be seen disturbing the branches of a distant tree, and birds of course are plentiful, but no antelope or buffalo comes within a mile of our noisy caravan. If another hammock gets in front of mine on the road my boys are miserable until they pass it, so that I always get into a town first, and have to sit under a tree or in the palaver kitchen until the rest of the party catches up with me. We stopped in one little village about lunch time, after being carried across a wide river, and ate lunch under a big mango tree.

Here we saw a woman spinning for the first time, with a wooden spindle which she spins like a top beside her with one hand, while the other hand patiently pulls out into strands the fuzzy balls of cotton. All the men and women have tribal cicatrices, the women having an elaborate criss-cross pattern all over the abdomen and across the small of the back. The women wear a high and peculiar head-dress, that consists of black string braided into their own hair and built out a foot long; strings of black rope or hair hang down on each side of the face; cowrie shells ~~and~~ decorate the part of the head dress that is allowed to show, but most of it is covered with a bit of cotton print. The head dress is given to them when they finish their two years in the bush school and are initiated into their secret society; they wear it for two years after their return to the village - which seems like a long time to go without combing or washing your hair. The piece of cloth tied over it is of course intended to keep it clean.

We bought coconuts, bananas and pineapples along the road, and landed in Digain, our stop for the night, about two o'clock. I was ahead as usual, and had to shake hands with the Chief, who tried most unsuccessfully to snap fingers with me according to local custom. As soon as J and Si arrived I made them teach me how to do it!

In other villages we had seen women with white clay painted on their faces, but here the women had all the exposed part of their body, which is considerable, painted dead white with this river clay. As our caravan came into the village and I was looking with amazement at this reversal of an American minstrel show, to my great

surprise a white man, dressed in native style and wearing a fez, came barefooted out of a small hut. Only when he was out in the sun, and shaded his eyes while he squinted at me, did I realize that he was an albino negro. Sandy haired, freckled, and without what we consider negroid features, he could have passed anywhere as a white man. The tattoo marks, which are visible only as bumps on a black man, showed blue on his white skin.

The small girls and young women were so freshly daubed with clay, and so obviously wearing their finest string skirts, with large bunches of palm fibers tied to their arms, that we soon surmised there was about to be a dance, and we obtained permission to photograph it. Two girls on a small covered platform made up the orchestra - two black-and-white carved and painted drums, and there was a chorus of perhaps a dozen girls. Another dozen were the dancers, some of them small girls, some of them young women. They danced one or two at a time, whirling on their toes and waving their bunches of grass, and then altogether in a rhythmic sort of follow-the-leader, swaying in a snake dance across the dusty village square. This, we were to learn, was a dance to celebrate the return of the girls from the Grigri Bush School, where they had spent two years, and learned all the secrets of the powerful Woman's Society. The women then rule the village for three years, while the young men go to their bush school. Then the men rule while the women are away.

We slept again in the palaver kitchen, with a nearby hut assigned to us for a bathroom. Our nearest neighbor - and in an African village you can almost shake hands from house to house - looked as though she had leprosy, but it was probably a bad case of yaws.

My pet dormouse died, and Fine Boy, one of our head men, took the tiny corpse out in the woods to bury it, otherwise even the dormouse would probably have gone for chop.

Every afternoon Si opens the hospital box, and our carriers line up for treatment. A few are complaining of sore throats, and Si tells them they are smoking too many cigarette butts. Most of them have cut feet, chronic ulcers, yaws, or sore neck muscles from their loads. Metaphen tincture, aspirin, quinine, and liniment are the remedies that have to be unpacked every afternoon. When the villagers see our boys being treated, they come too, asking for medicine. The most pathetic are the children who so often have leg sores that no temporary treatment can help.

With the town clerk acting as interpreter, we had a long session with the town chief, explaining our mission, and asking for his help. He said several times that all depended on God, but he seemed to know a good deal about the animals in the nearby forest, and we had hopes of securing specimens from him on our return. While the townsfolk gathered outside, we spent a pleasant evening with the two of them; the albino brought a little stool and squatted beside us, and a Mandingo who was the local leader of the Moslems sat with us, listening to everything that was said, but saying absolutely nothing all evening. When our guests finally rose to go, the Mandingo uttered the one word of English he knew, and the only word he had said all evening - "Nighty-night."

The little village, with its small round huts and pointed thatch roofs, looked most picturesque in the bright moonlight. Somewhere in the background was a strange noise, like a far-off roaring of a multitude. The Chief told us that a child was ill and the women were wailing for it. Before we went to bed the child died, and the wailing ceased.

We hear amusing stories of what our boys think of the leader of the expedition. "What is his name?" they asked, and were told "Dr. Mann." "But what was his name before he was a doctor?" And as to the announced object of the expedition, of course they would not be stupid enough to believe that anyone would really come all the way from America to collect animals from Liberia. They have finally decided that he is out of a job, and just traveling around the country waiting for Firestone to take him on.

March 23 -

It was a long, hard pull to Belleyella, starting before eight in the morning, and going pretty steadily all day. Frequently we crossed small streams and rivers, where the boys deserted their loads or their hammocks to go swimming. There were miles of shaky bridges, and one hammock or monkey bridge high over the Tumeh River that was especially nerve-racking. The foot part was less than twelve inches across, and consisted of small saplings bound together with rattan. A wide rail on each side made the ~~walkway~~ bridge something like a long deep basket, but the railing was so far apart that when you stood in the middle you could not reach both sides at once. And of course the whole contraption shook and swayed as you felt your way across it. The Tumeh River is the boundary between the KPessi and the Belli tribes, and it was another two hours walk to the village of Belleyella. We got in at six o'clock, but Si, who had the keys, was behind the rest and did not arrive until nearly seven. The village was not as large as we had been led to believe, and not especially attractive. Perhaps a hundred little round huts, with an occasional square one, clustered together with no tree anywhere in the town. We were greeted as we entered the village by Mr. Duclay, who showed us to our quarters and explained that he was "District Master", which is a representative of the District Commissioner, but with little authority. He gave us, however, two little one-room huts, a wash house, and a palaver kitchen. The huts had barely room for our tin trunks and our cots; we ate in the palaver kitchen, after the usual confusion of sorting out baggage, which was especially difficult tonight as it was long past dark before we could get at our lanterns.

We are now in the land of iron money. We had passed on the road a man carrying a box of it on his head - long twisted pieces of black, native-smelted iron, one end rounded, the other with a sharp-pointed cross-piece. When we asked about buying some, we found the price was forty for a shilling, or two for a cent. That didn't jibe, but we thought to outsmart the natives by buying irons with coppers. They soon caught on, however, and refused to sell smaller quantities than 20 for a sixpence.

There is a small garrison here of the Frontier Force, and word

went around our camp that there was a town regulation forbidding anyone who was not a soldier from wearing khaki. Even Bill and Si were a little worried, because they have khaki trousers and shorts, but Fine Boy was really upset, because his only garments were a khaki shirt, shorts, and a broad-brimmed, khaki-colored hat. The Sergeant, a big, fine-looking negro called Gibson, came to call on us, and assured us that the regulation would be waived during our stay in the village. Mr. Dennis, the local representative of the Revenue Department, also called on us, and both of them were friendly and hospitable, albeit a bit bewildered that we should have come to their little mud town looking for wild animals. We had considerable difficulty in buying enough rice for our boys; so many times when our caravan hits a town we double the population, and getting food for 80 men on the spur of the moment is not easy. Another time we shall send a messenger ahead to warn the inhabitants to prepare for us.

March 24 -

Easter Sunda y. We are unable to buy any eggs in the town for breakfast. After our long walk of yesterday we were glad to sleep late, and loaf in the palaver kitchen all morning. Our chimpanzee is now ensconced in a discarded chicken basket on our verandah, as is the voracious young hornbill. We spend half the time chasing small children away from our lone two specimens, and impressing upon all the townsfolk that we do not want them to share any such delicacies as palm nuts or kola with our pets. Also we continually shoo chickens, cows, goats, ~~hairless~~ sheep (the unwoolly variety), dogs, cats, ~~and~~ guinea fowl and Muscovy ducks out of our way.

Three members of the local Snake Society came to see us, and we tried to put them to work collecting snakes for us. However, they said it would be impossible for them to sell snakes to anyone who did not belong to the Society. If we cared to spend eight shillings apiece, we could become members, and we accepted the invitation with alacrity - well, J and I held back a little, rather expecting that we should be asked to handle poisonous snakes during our initiation.

We find living off the country precarious, and are glad we brought a plentiful supply of canned goods. One day we can buy 15 eggs, another day two; an occasional rather green plantain comes in, but bananas, pineapples, pawpaws and limes are scarce. Even palm nuts and country pepper are hard to get when we want country chop.

Eventually it gets very tiresome having a crowd of staring blacks crowded against your living quarters all day and all evening. You forget about them for a time, then realize that you are stifling and look up to see that there is a solid wall of humanity between you and the fresh air. You disperse them by shouting "Moof! Don't lock the breeze." Bill finally drew a magic circle in the ground with a stick, and for a time they stayed respectfully back of it.

There was a dance tonight of the Grigri Bush, similar to the one we saw at Digain - white clay on face and body, string skirts, gourds decorated with cowrie shells, The same big head-dress that the Kpessi women wear, and bunches of dried grass tied on their arms. The only illumination was the moonlight, and the eerie mono-

monotonous ~~waiting~~ chanting of the chorus, accompanied by drums, continued long after we had grown tired of watching and had gone to bed.

March 25 -

Early in the morning Sergeant Gibson came to ask us to visit the wife of his Lieutenant, who was sick in bed. Bill and Si went over, decided she had malaria, and dosed her with atabrin. There is no quinine in the village (except what we have with us.) The Liberian government apparently makes no attempt to educate doctors, or even men with a smattering of medical knowledge who could run dispensaries in the hinterland and treat the malaria, yaws and horrible skin ulcers that are so common.

Shortly after dinner our friends from the Snake Society called for us, and led us through the village and down to a dimly lighted hut. As we stepped inside the door, a young man wearing an impressive feather headdress, took our flashlights from us. There was one kerosene lamp burning, and about a dozen people, including two women, were crouched about on the floor. Chairs were placed for us. One corner of the room was curtained off, and one by one we were led over to the curtain and shown the "mysteries" on the other side. A would-be gatecrasher, caught prowling outside the door, was grabbed, brought in, and made to sit in a corner with his back to the room, during the entire evening. After making sure that he understood none of the languages in which the initiation was going to take place. After the initiation was over, he was fined five shillings, with the alternative of 60 days in jail.

I was allowed to make notes on the proceedings, and as the various fetiches were brought out I tried to get the phonetic spelling for each.

The initiation fee was 8 shillings apiece; after we had paid this, and it had been duly counted and divided among the members, we were given a speech on the seriousness of the society. It was not our money that they wanted, they said, but if we were willing to take the oath of secrecy, the rules and by-laws, the passwords and grip would be explained to us. ~~xx~~

The fetiches were arranged on a large tray on the floor, and the Gli, or Worshipful Master, picked them up one by one and told us their symbolism. This is a Mano society; we had taken Bobor with us as interpreter; each lesson was given in Mano, translated into Belle, then into Kpesse, then into pidgin English, and often into an English that we could understand, Si repeating what Bobor said.

A small forked stick is used for catching snakes on the ground, a hooked stick for drawing them out of trees. A bundle of twigs tied with string symbolizes a snake crossing the road.

A piece of hollow pith, decorated with cowrie shells, is powerful medicine; if the right herb is placed in it, death comes to the man who breaks the law of the society.

Yangwah was given to me as my name; it means that I am the judge, the final arbiter in all discussions; I have the power to "cut the palaver". My symbol was a woman's head fashioned of black clay, with cowrie shells for eyes, and a few feathers for a head dress.

Kplein is a small knife, with a string tied to it that represents a snake's tail; in giving it to anyone you hold the blade and present the handle.

Mangow is an oval of clay with two or three cowrie shells, stuck through with a needle. It represents a snake crossing the road. In handing it to anyone you proffer the blunt end.

Geh is a small piece of concave wood stained black and represents devils.

Beh is a small piece of natural wood. If a man "spoils the law" you put a certain leaf on the Beh and the man becomes as dry as a stick. No doctor can cure him.

Noh is a bracelet of iron or leather with medicine inside. This is put on the arm before catching a snake.

We, a boat-shaped piece of clay, is medicine for me to punish anyone who doesn't agree with me. It causes severe pain in the back.

Flee is a miniature of the forked stick and hook, tied together with a couple of feathers. This is carried as a message from the society, usually as notice of a meeting. A piece of red cloth attached means "urgent". If you can't go, you should send a gift.

A horn with medicine inside means lightning; it can send lightning as a punishment, or prevent lightning from striking.

A clay representation of three small houses, all in one, symbolizes the unity of the society

Bakuna is the horn of the harnessed antelope, filled with the medicine that was rubbed on the palm of our left hand to prevent snakes from coming near us. The horn is decorated with cowrie shells and dudu (cuckoo) feathers - the latter because the dudu bird eats snakes.

Genteh is a dry twig and signifies a long palaver.

Sinadi kokadi, two pieces of chalk and leaves, solves your troubles when you are far away.

Kawdia is J's name, and the symbol a woman's head with clay back and wood front, a feather head dress, but no cowrie shell eyes.

Yazia is the society watchman

If at a society dinner, a member breaks a chicken bone, he must bring another chicken.

From the first snake that you catch, remove the teeth (fangs) and imbed them in a piece of wood to make a maisong. If you want to punish a lawbreaker, put the maisong on the floor where the man will step on it, and he will die. We were told that when the fangs grew back in the snake, a special medicine was put in the snake's mouth, rendering the new fangs harmless.

In case of snake bite, one is supposed to take 4 needles, 4 gambles (cowrie shells) and one white plate to the medicine man. If after being cured, you don't pay, he burns a piece of twine, sticks a needle in some wood, and the snake poisoning returns to you.

A snake man shakes hands with his left hand. If he forgets, anyone can cry Klih and he can be fined. When you hear the drums, come to the house where the society meets, put left foot inside door first, and call Bakun. Once inside, give a small piece of bamboo. By paying the required fee (not specified) anyone may become a Gli and set up his own lodge.

A cassada snake (Gabun viper) was brought out of its cage, and handled by the Gli. Bill volunteered to hold it also, but none of us were allowed to touch it because of the medicine that had been rubbed on our hands earlier in the evening - that would kill the snake, and they had no desire to lose this tame symbol of their lodge. If a man has touched palm kernel oil, he must wash before handling a snake.

The legend of the origin of the snake medicine, Bakuna, is as follows: A man hunting in the woods with his dog saw a squirrel. The dog chased the squirrel into a hole in a termite mound. While the dog was digging at the nest, the hunter sent into the village for some children to bring fire, and the fire was put inside the nest. The squirrel ran around inside, then turned into a red deer and came out. As the man caught it, the deer (harnessed antelope) begged him not to kill it, and offered to show him something of great value. This was the snake medicine, and in addition the deer caught two snakes and gave them to the hunter. The children who had brought the fire were twins, Mugweh and Sahway; they saw this performance, and on their return to town told their grandfather and said they wanted snakes to be their special medicine or charm. The grandfather agreed, and all relatives and friends were told.

That night the twins dreamt that palm kernel oil was against their law; they dreamt of the true medicine, bakuna, and that a snake came and told them that in the forest there was one tree no snake would touch, or climb. The twins cleared a space in the forest where they practised the rites of the snake society. Formerly a man bitten by a snake had always died, but the twins, with their new medicine, cured snake bite. As they had started the first lodge, all twins since then have been considered as born members of the society.

The following morning we were taken to a cleared place in the forest, fenced about with palm thatch, and with the tabu sign of the inverted palm leaf hanging over three portals. We went through, left foot first, giving the proper password to the watchman, and exchanging sticks and iron money for sticks and kola nuts. Drums and chants resounded in the leafy clearing, where all except us sat on the ground - as usual chairs had been placed for us.

In the center was a big pile of green leaves, freshly gathered, and one by one they were lifted up and the meaning and use of each one explained to us.

Bombo-balu, which you take before picking up a snake, is also good for fever and dysentery.

Soöli gives wisdom. It is a big tree that breaks others when it falls.

Saypa - young palm shoot, put in snake's mouth will tame him.

Zo - used at palavers that can't be settled quickly. It is also put in the snake's mouth after the fangs have been pulled.

Lo is a painkiller, and is also put in the mouth before calling the snakes.

Fon - when a snake fights, this plant is mashed and put on its head. It makes the snake's head wise.

See - Chew the leaves before sucking a snake bite.

Bondeh - Medicine to put in bracelet. It is a fine vine with a prickly stem, and is used as a tourniquet in treating snake bite. If the patient does not pay for his cure, this same vine is burned and the symptoms of poisoning return.

Deefon - a sort of crab grass. Beaten with white clay, it reduces the swelling.

Worolu - same as local name for bongo, being the plant the bongo is supposed to eat. When snake-hunting, the bark of this tree is peeled and put in the mouth.

Bawableh - two kinds of leaves, cooked together with rice, the resultant soup being good medicine.

Mialagli - Rub leaves on hands and face, as a cure for fainting.

Gpung - A stick is cut from this bush, pressed against the wound. Then a needle is put in the stick, and the needle placed on the white plate.

Keh - a creeping vine; a bit of it twisted and worn inside your hat keeps rain away.

Kling - gives a latex like rubber. If patient doesn't pay for cure, stick a needle in the kling. In most cases the same leaf used as cure will bring the sickness back again, so the medicine man keeps a piece of it.

Boogeh - thorn. Put medicine on it, place it where your enemy will step on it, he then thinks he has been bitten by a snake.

Bokenneh - the snake eats it to make his teeth big.

Dogbu - a liniment for sore muscles.

Sengeh - If a pregnant woman "have sass with a man" one shoot of sengeh is slipped inside another. Then she is unable to deliver the child until the same leaf is brought in, mixed with clay, and rubbed on her stomach.

Jacua - when a cassada snake bites a man, jacua is beaten with clay, rubbed on the wound, and the snake's fang comes out.

Blaydeh - thorny bush. Take young shoots, cook, put juice in the mouth of man bitten by snake. Acts as emetic.

Gewgaw - a leaf to rub on your hand before handling snakes.

Nyeh - Wash hands with this after touching palm kernel oil

Bulagaw - used for revenge. A leaf put in the fire under your enemy's bath water will cause him to develop fever. The antidote is a piece of palm leaf. Keep a piece, and if the man doesn't pay you, throw it in a stream and the man grows thin.

Kiapu - hold in mouth to keep snakes away.

Nyungweh - Medicine for childbirth (revenge). The woman drinks it and gets cold inside.

Dah If one's membership in the snake society is doubted, tie this plant in a loop, and when the snake dance using the small girl acrobats is being given, the girl will die. A milder revenge is to hold the plant, when the girl will fall and break her leg. It can't be healed unless the loop is undone, which might be possible if one's membership is acknowledged and a gift of kola given.

Keladeh - Fern, parasite of palm tree, antidote for snake bite. It is boiled in a pot, the bitten foot held over the steam to extract the poison.

Banswah - If you are refused palm nuts, put banswah in the fire and plain water boils out instead of oil.

Tooh - For sore toe or finger, beat tooh and rub it on.

Glakboo - medicine carried on deer's horn, made from leaf of the tree that never has a snake in it. If you rub it on your hands, and then touch a snake, the snake dies. A leaf placed on a snake causes it to become as inanimate as a cutlass. To make the medicine, burn three pieces of the stick, mash it, rub with palm oil, and put in deer's horn. Poisonous to man.

Any time we want another lesson, we were told, we must give the snake man a kola and an iron, and further instruction will be given.

These two lessons took three hours last night, and two this morning. We were escorted back to our palaver kitchen by the whole society, with me proudly carrying the horn of medicine as symbol of my new rank. One man carried the cassada snake, others beat drums and sang. We gave them the money for a chicken dinner, and four more irons as a sign of permission that they could go home now.

In this country of rice and palm oil, we are unable today to buy either. Our boys complain continually of being on short rations and we shared our own supply of rice with them - not that it went very far among so many.

We are objects of great curiosity in the village, and the inhabitants hang around our kitchen constantly, pressing in so close that we are constantly asking them to move because they "lock the breeze." We tried out chewing gum on Tetemeh, with the instructions "Chew him all day, when the sun go down you waste him". One very ancient dame remembers two white men having stayed in Belleyella but never a white woman.

J and I were very pleased when Dunbar, Bill's personal boy, brought us a lovely bunch of white, sweet-smelling lilies. However, this was followed up by a note asking us to sell him six cents' worth of cigarettes.

Heavy rain fell in the evening, but the roof of our kitchen was well thatched, and we were very cosy with our bright pressure lamp burning. The long-awaited District Commissioner is rumored to have arrived.

March 27 -

We are constantly being surprised at the virility of these people, who have no knowledge at all of the simplest rules of hygiene. Most of them are well built, little evidence of rickets, and except for skin diseases seem in good health. In Belleyella there is a paralytic, who once a day crawls about the village on hands and knees. One very old woman, holding one hand on her back, walks slowly with a cane, and calls on us every day. She is incredibly wrinkled, with grey hair and long flabby breasts that hang to her waist.

The Commissioner, Robertson Clark, is in town, and what a difference it makes! Brisk and business-like, he orders the lazy drunken town chief around, and gives orders to the women to bring us all the small fish they catch in their nets. He arranges for a series of cotton pictures, women cleaning the bolls, and spinning, and a weaver at a loom. The Commissioner tells us that we have been suspected of being missionaries, and the people didn't want to have anything to do with us.

March 28 - Bill and I went bug hunting, and he was delighted to get nine myrmecophiles in two columns of driver ants. Si went hunting and returned with two dead monkeys, and a baby red colobus that has been shot, but he thinks he can save it.

In the afternoon J and I went to see Tetemah in her hut. She is the head of the Grigri bush, the most powerful woman in town, and this is the woman's medicine house - no men allowed near it. Bill asked if he couldn't come with us, and she said "No. He could come alone but only to sleep". The interior of her one-room hut was black with the smoke of many fires; over the logs that were slowly burning hung bags of food and medicine; the dancing girls' gourds and raffia decorations were hung on the walls. An ancient dame sat in the center of the floor spinning. Conversation lagged, as Tetemah knows

practically no English. She ate a kola nut, washed her mouth out with water, and spat into the fire, and we were thankful that she did not offer us any food or drink.

Later Bill and I went ant hunting in the clearing in the forest where the snake society met yesterday. It was extremely peaceful, because no ~~hangers~~ on would follow us beyond the tabu sign. We were glad to find horned flies here - the first time we had seen them since our days in Sumatra.

The District Commissioner came for dinner, and we tried to put on a bit of style. Bill shaved for the first time in nearly a week, and put on long trousers. We opened our favorite ox joint stew, and had Schnapps before dinner. It was unfortunate that a large gray rat ran across the rafters just over the table, that clouds of flying termites besieged us all through the meal, and that Dunbar came to display a badly cut leg. However, we all had a good time, and afterwards went to watch the Grigri bush dance in the moonlight.

March 29 - Tetemah arrived with her girls shortly after breakfast and danced herself with them. Bill took movies of her, and she tried to show me some of the steps, but my attempts must have been ludicrous, to judge from the roars of the audience. This particular dance is the ritual of returning the girls to their parents after their three-year absence in the bush school.

Si went hunting again, and this time with better luck. He and his guide discovered a hornbill's nest, 150 feet up in a big tree. The native is a good climber, but this tree was so big around he couldn't get any grasp on it. He felled a smaller one that leaned against the big one as it fell, and climbed it. He had to back along the limb to where the nest was, and reach inside, after demolishing the outside wall with his cutlass. He seized the female by the beak, pulled her out, wrapped her in his shirt and tossed her down to Si. She came loose from her wrappings on the way down, and gave Si quite a battle while he tied her up and covered her head with a handkerchief. The boy then got the baby out, and brought that down. The baby hasn't a sign of a feather, a perfectly naked little thing with skin as thin as tissue paper. It is all beak and appetite, and eats anything that we pop down its throat.

Our boys and some of the town boys, having eventually grasped the object of our trip, brought us quantities of lizards, a few small birds, a big land snail the size of my two fists and dark red in color, and an assortment of frogs, large and small. The small ones Bill put in alcohol, the larger ones he hopes to keep alive.

The Commissioner dined with us again, Charley making some of his good palm oil chop for us. As this is our last evening here, Gibson the Sergeant, and Wiles, the Lieutenant, brought gifts of country cloth, the coarse blue and white cotton that the natives wear.

Mar. 30 -

Sergeant Gibson presented Bill with a fine antique dagger, with an ivory handle and a handsomely woven leather scabbard, as a parting gift. Although the expedition did not accomplish too much up here, we left Belleyella with kindly feelings toward the officials here. A final token of esteem was the presentation by the Snake Society of their official snake. Of course, they had promised to go out and catch us a lot of snakes, but said the time was too short.

Breaking camp after a week was a tedious business. We had to have more carriers on account of the animals, and there was the usual palaver about the loads. Finally we were in our hammocks and starting off on the long trek back to civilization. Our bronze caryatids held our hammocks high over hilly trails; termite nests lined the way like small castles on the Rhine; the chants of "Bo lilly" and "Cosio" began again. In about two hours we reached the hammock bridge, found that a new one had been built that was even more terrifying than the old one.

Not far beyond the bridge, one of our boys spotted a "softly" or potto, in a tree, and with even more than the customary din it was shaken out of the tree, caught, and finally put in a cloth bag.

We got into Gumbeyta about four o'clock, where a nice little house with five rooms and a verandah had been cleaned out and made ready for us. Commissioner Clark's caravan got in about dusk, and he came over to our house for dinner. He had sent word ahead to the people that we wanted animals, and we got a nice little collection of fish, snakes, porcupines, a squirrel and a pangolin.

March 31 -

We left Gumbeyta at nine o'clock, after a cordial farewell from the Commissioner, who gave J an otter skin and me a piece of country cloth. Towards noon we reached Molekwelle, where word had also been sent of our coming, and we found four hornbills, two porcupines, a ground hog, and a mongoose waiting for us.

On the road Bobor usually walks ahead of me to help me over bad bridges; Bobor is the soul of respectability, and his spare, dignified figure, wearing khaki shirt and shorts and an oilcloth helmet, carrying a black cotton umbrella, a tea kettle, and Bill's gun (for which the ammunition was left behind,) is one of the landmarks of our caravan.

We reached Digain at four o'clock, and had rather an unhappy evening. Johnny, our unfortunate steward, accidentally pulled out a chair that J was about to sit on, and she had a bad fall. The little chimp, who had a bad cold when we left Belleyella, shows definite symptoms of pneumonia; the baby colobus with the gun shot died; and one porcupine escaped in the night. Moreover Digain, in spite of the promises made when we were here before, had nothing for us except a baby mongoose and a sooty mangabey with a bobbed tail.

Zulata

April 1 - Left Digain at eight, and lunched in the little hill town / which we had christened Pineappleville on the way out. Today there were no pineapples, to our great disappointment. We reached Balala at 1.30, and although it was early in the day to halt, we were assured that it was too far to the next village. We camped in the same little palaver kitchen by the river, and were glad we stayed, for a francolin, a gorgeous blue and white guinea fowl, and two mongoose were brought to us.

Feeding our menagerie is now something of a chore; the chimp gets milk from a syringe, as well as pieces of fruit - or she did until the last few days when she has been so sick. The hornbills are absolutely insatiable, and every time we stop on the road I cram fruit hard boiled eggs and palm nuts down their gaping beaks. The two adult females have so far refused to eat, and two small black and white ones eat nothing but chicken guts, which are not always easy to get.

April 2 - Today was a short day, and we made no effort to get away early in the morning.. A five hour walk brought us to Dobli's Island, and we were delighted to return to this pretty town with its big cotton trees and its roomy guest house. Nobody was around when we arrived, and we assumed it was because it was early in the afternoon. However, evening came, and none of our former friends appeared; the schoolteacher did drop in for a moment, but the Paramount Chief and the Clan Chief never showed up. A violent thunder storm came up, but our thatched roof was water tight, and we enjoyed the venison stew which Charlie made for us. We sent Bobor on ahead of us with a message to the plantation to have trucks waiting for us day after tomorrow.

April 3 -

We left Dobli's Island early in the morning, and the Chiefs did not come around even for the customary dash of tobacco and shillings which we dispense in return for a night's lodging. The trail led at first through coffee farms and cleared land, then, instead of the dense forest trail we had followed before, we got off on a horrible trail across country that had recently been felled and burned. It was the hardest morning's walk I have ever put in, three hours of it over desolate country, climbing logs, stumbling into stakes hidden in brush, and all under a broiling sun with no shade for three hours. In one spot where they were still felling trees, a boy brought us a young hornbill; when we asked him where the mother was he admitted that he had eaten it, and when we told him he had had a "six shilling chop" his dismay was patent. He was glad to take three shillings for the baby, and we popped it into a basket, and went on.

At noon we were over the bad trail, and came into a little village where we were offered plenty of pineapples. The four of us ate six pineapples, relishing the cool juice of them after our hard morning. At five o'clock, with rain threatening, we suggested stopping for the night in a small village, but our boys knew that they would get more rice and palm oil in the next town, Swagaju, where we had stopped before, and they begged us to go on. It seemed almost inhuman to let our hammock boys carry us any farther, but they sang and danced the whole way, and we got into town in record time.

As before, the country devil was at large, and when the story reached us it seemed that the devil was sitting by the water-side and we had a time getting our boys to go for water. After dinner the devil's representative, a play devil or dancing devil, came in, and whirled about the small open space in front of our hut. He was dressed in layer after layer of raffia, and looked as much like a moving haystack as anything. On his head was a black, carved wooden mask with a tall spike on it. After dancing about for a few minutes he suddenly grew tall before our eyes; we thought at first that he was on stilts, but decided that he had a way of shooting up this mask from inside his raffia disguise. He was accompanied by a ragged escort carrying a torn white pennant; drums beat, and chanting rose, during all the evening, long after we had grown tired of watching and had gone to bed.

April 4 -

We were off at 8.30, and from previous recollection of the trail expected to get to the end of the road beyond Kakata about two o'clock. To our great surprise we were there at 10.30 - so much difference in time did a properly organized caravan, with proper hammock boys, make. On the way out our hammock frames were missing, we were trying to walk in noonday sun to which we were at that time unaccustomed, and we could hardly believe that we had done in two hours what had taken us all afternoon before.

Of course the trucks were not here yet. We sat by the roadside, ate lunch, and then decided to walk on until we met them. About 1.30 William, with the Seybolds' sedan, hove in sight, with one truck and then another close behind him. We got in the car, and were all as much surprised at the speed of an automobile, after hammock travel, as any savage would have been. Thirty miles an hour seemed absolutely reckless driving.

In Kakata we stopped in a little shop, and enjoyed the luxury of cold beer. We sat on salt bags, set our beer mugs on a sewing machine, and thought that civilization had its comforts after all.

It was good to turn our badly caged, hungry and thirsty animals over to Norris and Jennier in the rice shed. We had time for a brief glance at their collection, which was very good - many snakes, two or three new deer, a giant pangolin, six or seven feet long and weighing over fifty pounds, and an assortment of small mammals.

April 5 -

Shampooing, manicuring, sorting laundry, unpacking - these took most of the day. At four o'clock I went over to the hospital to have Dr. Campbell remove a chigger from my big toe. It had made itself a nice little nest in the cuticle, and although the removal was not painful, the thorough disinfecting he did afterward was far from pleasant. The toe throbbed afterwards the way one's jaw aches when a tooth has been pulled.

April 6 -

Mr. Vipond organized a big drive for game on one of the isolated forest areas on the plantation. Twelve hundred boys, and

1000 feet of net made a cordon around twenty acres of virgin bush. Many of the plantation people, including several women, came up to watch; a couple of them brought folding chairs, and it looked more like a tea party than a wild-animal chase. In the course of three hours one big harnessed antelope came almost into a net, then turned and ran away; one guinea fowl flew over the ladies' heads startling them into going home; and one little blue duiker was driven out into the open and captured.

April 7 -

Last night a horrible thing happened - driver ants got into the animal quarters beneath the Johnsons house, and before the men could get into action our new little duiker, and another one, were killed. Norris said the ants were swarming in its eyes and ears and way down its throat, and that the body was absolutely stiff fifteen minutes after the animal died. They fought them with fire and blow torches, and the boys got badly bitten and stung. Poor Roy had nightmares all night about it, and Bill gave orders that everything was to be moved to the rice shed, and elaborate ant-proofing precautions taken. Sawhorses and plants were ordered from the carpenter shop; all cages were set up on these, and the legs of the sawhorses were stood in kerosene tins full of crude oil.

The Campbells took me into Monrovia to Church this morning, and we had a very pleasant time after Mass with the young Irish priests (African Mission Society), Father Kennedy and Father Connell. They invited us to a good breakfast of fried eggs and sausages.

In the evening Bill gave a talk on ants at the Club, which everybody seemed to like.

April 8 -

Bill and I spent all day in Monrovia, buying supplies for our next bush trip - groceries, kitchen utensils, another pressure lamp, and searching vainly for a can opener. In this land where practically all food comes out of tin cans, there was not a single opener to be had.

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April 9 -

Up at five o'clock, and ate an early breakfast. Just as we were finishing, word came from the District Commissioner at Kakata that he had not been able to send a messenger yesterday, and it would be better for us to postpone our trip another day, so that the people in the Gibi might have notice of our coming. We all felt let down, with the packing done and our hiking clothes on, and our fifty boys already on the road. However, there was nothing to do but let the boys wait for us at the river until to-morrow.

Bill has a bad cold, and by evening I was glad we didn't start, as he was running a temperature of nearly 102.

April 10 -

The alarm clock went off at 5.30. I got up, took Bill's temperature, and went back to bed again, saying to myself "There'll be no trip today." However, he got up, and insisted on starting. We left the house at 8 o'clock, drove to Kakata, and then eleven miles beyond, on an infrequently traveled road, with bridges that seemed far too flimsy for either the sedan or the pick-up. However, it is surprising what strength there is in a few saplings tied together with rattan, and we got over all the bridges safely. We crossed the Bala River in dug outs at 10.30, and began our march from there. It was a hot, open trail, and we rode our hammocks most of the time until lunch. Bernice had had sandwiches made for us, and we ate them in a palaver kitchen in a small town.

In the afternoon we struck plenty of shady trails, and we all, except Bill, walked a good deal of the time. Bill's fever left him and he said that except for being a bit weak he felt all right.

We saw monkeys and hornbills along the road, and reached Manogey's Town at five thirty. The Chief, as usual, was out on his farm, and in spite of our having waited a day so that our messenger would get here ahead of us, nobody in the village seemed to expect us. The Johnsons had told us of the "Mansion" here, and we thought of course that was where we were to stay. We found the Mansion all right, a big mud house with a wide verandah, and a carved and painted wooden door in front, over which the word Mansion was painted in large white letters. However, it is no longer a guest house but a school, and the teacher, his wife, their pet mongoose, and a few children seemed to fill it completely. A smaller house next door was assigned to us. The verandah was large enough for us to eat on, there were two bedrooms and a good-sized central hall. Bernice took one room, Bill and I the other, leaving poor Norris to camp in the hall with less than no privacy.

Making camp after dark is usually a hectic performance, but two of our hammock boys pitched in and helped Flomo, our new steward boy, and things were ready in short order. We ate soup and sandwiches for dinner, and turned in early to the music of a vigorous thunderstorm, thankful that the thatch roof was in good repair.

April 11 -

We were still eating breakfast on our verandah when the school teacher blew a bugle, and the children assembled for their morning lessons. The Liberian flag was run up - no, it crept up inch by inch - the children lined up in front of it, and did a ~~few~~ simple and very poor drill, "front," "right dress", and counting. The lessons of the day followed, and seemed a hopeless attempt to learn the alphabet and to count up to twenty (a chimpanzee can count to eleven).

Johnny Harbor's boys built us a bathroom of palm thatch adjoining the house. It makes a nice little bower of green in which to splash about with a bucket of water.

We went for a walk down one of the nearby trails, and found hornflies again. The townspeople brought us some turtles and a

cassada snake, and two baby civet cats which drink milk from a syringe.

Mr. Forte, a Kakata lawyer who has a retaining fee from the Firestone Company, started out with us yesterday, but was unable to get carriers from town to town, and stayed yesterday in one of the first villages we came to. He got in about noon today, and we found him very useful in helping us bargain for animals and in explaining village gossip to us. A noisy meeting was in progress most of the day in the palaver kitchen next door to us, and Mr. Forte said it was "devil palaver".

We were having dinner, while rain poured down outside, when to our great surprise Dr. Tengwall arrived with a small caravan. He had promised to come up and spend the week end with us, but we had not looked for him so soon. We were delighted to have him, of course, and Charlie had made plenty of good country chop, but we couldn't offer him the room we had expected him to have. However, the Paramount Chief said he could have a room in his house, and we proffered him the hospitality of our little green bathroom.

April 12 -

We went for a long walk this morning, with Bill finding red horn flies, Dr. Tengwall finding orchids, and Bernice saw a deer. Bobor went into the bush after it, but of course it had slipped away and there was no chance of catching it. Bill used his derris root in a stream, and got about a dozen different species of small fish including Panchax, other Cichlids, catfish, electric catfish, and Mormyridae and Protopterus.

We inquired about the possibility of going to the base of the Gibi Mountain and making camp there for one night. Both Bill and Dr. T. are anxious to get into high bush and look for specimens at a higher altitude. The Chief said, however, that it would be very difficult, as the mountain is sacred, a place of worship and of sacrifice, and no outsider has ever been allowed to ascend it. He offered, however, to send for the Chief who lives in the village at the foot of the mountain, and ask him if we might come. We supposed that it was as good as settled, and wrote a note to George saying that we would stay here two days longer than we had planned to do. Jimmie No. 2 is to take the letter in the morning.

This is the night of the new moon, and the village held an impromptu dance. It was mostly the men who danced, and the small boys, but a few women joined in the slow-moving line of jogging performers. It was not a particularly interesting performance, except for the long shadows cast by the lamp. The small boys were intrigued by their own shadows on the ground and did solo dances just to watch their own silhouettes.

April 13 -

We went collecting in the morning and again in the evening, but none of the trails here lead to high bush. It is all second growth for several miles in every direction. We asked for the verdict on our mountain trip, and were turned down absolutely. After

a whole day of shouting and palaver, the chiefs decided that they were unable to break a precedent of their fathers and grandfathers and could not let us even go near the mountain. We had told them we were not interested in climbing it, nor in investigating any of their sacred places, but all our appeals were in vain.

One incident of the day came up for discussion also in the evening. We had bought a chicken from a town boy who had hung around the camp a good deal, and been occasionally useful because he spoke quite good English. We now learned that the chicken, for which we had payed 1/6 (a high price) had been stolen from the wife of the Paramount Chief.

April 14 -

Upon the recommendation of the Chief and various of his henchmen, we started about ten o'clock this morning for Peabody's Town. We were told that it was an hour and a half walk, and that there was plenty of high bush there, and a mountain almost as high as the Gibi that we wanted to see. However, with collecting all along the way, and stops in two or three villages to ask for animals, it was after twelve when we reached the town. Sure enough, a mountain rose up in back of the town, and it was covered with thick jungle. We took a most miserable trail from the village, through swamps, saw grass that cut our knees and arms, and driver ants, and finally managed to cut a short path for ourselves into a dark and dripping forest. Here we squatted around our chop box and ate sardines and crackers and jam. Bill had brought derris root and intended to poison the fish in the stream, but Ralph found where the stream came out of the mountain, a lovely rocky spot with clear little pools of water and small water falls, and we spent an hour or more there, with the boys wading in after the fish were stunned and picking them up in Bill's butterfly net. He got many different kinds, some of them similar to the ones we got near our village, some of them quite different. The boys picked up a few snails and frogs which went into Museum jars, and Ralph got a tiny snake and a fair-sized land snail. Dr. Tengwall found a tiny fern that looked like moss growing on the tree trunks and on the rocks, and two or three plants that he couldn't identify. I found another species of Polyrhachus, so all in all we considered the day worth the effort.

We started back about three thirty, and clouds soon gathered and threatened rain. We had taken hammocks with us, but swung on a pole instead of a frame so that two boys could carry them, the trail being so narrow. However, we are a bit heavy for two boys to carry, and although I had intended to ~~walk~~ ride most of the way back I soon found that it would be far quicker to walk. After an hour the rain began, and we walked more than half the way in a soaking down-pour. How good it was to get into camp and find that Charlie had hot tea waiting for us, and hot bath water!

Mr. Forte bought a pangolin for us today, and one boy brought an alligator. The price on the pangolin was fair, but the alligator was too expensive for us!

As usual, we held court all evening on the verandah, with our own boys gathered round as well as most of the villagers. One of our callers was the chicken thief, who was tethered to his chair by a piece of rattan. He looked downcast, but stayed under our lights out.

April 15 -

Dr. Tengwall left us soon after breakfast, and set off with the few porters the Chief had been able to get for him. We had considered going back today, but were told that we would have to wait until tomorrow to get the number of men we wanted.

Bernice and Ralph on their morning stroll found a fine green tree viper and brought it back with them, coiled around the end of a stick.

I felt lazy and tired all day, and never left our little hut. By evening I was aching all over, and feeling chilly, and went to bed in the pleasant conviction that I was coming down with fever.

April 16 -

Seem to have no fever, but a slight cold, due, probably, to the dampness of our mud house. We were up at daylight, and packed and ready to take to the road by eight-thirty. Johnny Harbor's boys lined up all our loads, but we had not kept enough men with us to carry them, and must perforce wait for the porters the Chief had promised us. Slowly the morning wore on, and we got more and more indignant at the delay. The Chief, through the interpreter, told us that he had sent to two of the neighboring villages for twenty carriers for us, but knowing by now how "Africa creeps", we had little hope of them materializing. Bernice and Ralph finally started ahead. It was ten thirty before Bill and I saw the last load on a man's head, and were assured that there were ~~eight~~ men left over for our hammocks. Bill fell and bumped his knee yesterday, and is too lame to walk today, and I was a bit weak from my chill last night. We were barely out of the village, however, when one of my hammock boys deserted on the pretense of a sore toe, and I had to walk to the third village before getting another man. Flomo, our jewel of a steward boy, volunteered to be hammock boy, and I let him for a few minutes, but felt ashamed of myself, for that is certainly not his work.

The ill-assorted hammock crews made slow progress - not like the trip up where we had boys we knew, and who could work well together. We sent two hammocks and their crews on ahead to catch up with Ralph and Bernice, but from time to time we would overtake the hammocks peacefully resting in the shade along the trail. ~~They~~ They never did catch up, and the two walked the whole 17 miles to the river.

Half way in we met Mr. Vipond, who was on his way to the same town to see if he could get up the mountain. We wished him luck, and rather dolefully assured him that he needed it.

We reached the riverside about four-thirty, but it was an hour before all the loads were in, and ferried across the river, and put in the waiting trucks, and the Gibi men paid a shilling apiece for their day's work - ninepence for walking in today with a load, threepence for walking back tomorrow without one.

April 17 -

Bill and I went over to the rice shed to see what Roy had acquired while we were away. There are some new antelope - one harnessed and a couple of duikers - another chimp, giving us four altogether, a fine monkey-eating eagle, and a pygmy hippo which was sent to us by Commissioner Clark who had been so active in our behalf in Belleyella. It is a baby, but old enough to be eating cassada leaves and rice as well as drinking a quart or so of milk a day. Roy had built it a pen with a good-sized pool, and we were pleased with our new acquisitions. Every cage is now up on planks that rest on sawhorses, and the legs are immersed in five-gallon kerosene tins full of crude oil, to keep drivers away.

April 18 -

Bill left early in the morning to watch another drive on the same patch of jungle that was driven once before. He was gone all morning and reported that they had captured one live duiker and one dead harnessed antelope (the latter killed by the natives before the white men could get to it).

George and Bernice are both sick, and Dr. Campbell came over and insisted on treating everybody, turning the house into a regular hospital. He took blood smears from all of us, removed a chigger from my toe, and gave me a ~~shot~~ shot of something that is supposed to clear up my persistent cough.

April 19 -

Up early, and Bernie and I took a five mile walk before breakfast. We get plenty of exercise when we are in the bush but I miss it when we are on the plantation.

Life on the plantation is interesting, and we are constantly being amazed at the variety of details that have to be taken care of by the manager of the plantation. George at the moment is working hard at acquiring new land for rubber, and the process of buying it from the native Chiefs is not like any other real estate operations in the world. A recent deed transferring the ~~town~~ of Bazon, with a population of 150 people, and covering 500 acres, listed the following as the purchase price:

Survey fees	E 44
Commission, 8 towns	8
Dash	1
One bottle whiskey	
One tin of cane juice	
One 12-gauge gun	
100 shells	
One cane juice mill with 40-gallon tank	

For this was received:

One village
Seven half towns
The devil bush

Another district, Thomastown, of 586 acres, went for £43 for survey fees and the promise of a ten-room, two-storey zinc house for Chief Thomas.

This is the only time I have kept accounts for an expedition where I have charged up gin and whiskey as legitimate expenses. "Dash to the Chief" appears on nearly every page, and it seems most of the time to us that we get darn little for it.

April 21 -

Sunday, and an opportunity of hearing Mass for the second time since we left home. Father Coleman from Owen's Grove came over to the plantation and a dozen or more of us met at the Hagartys' house.

Both Bernices had planned to go into Monrovia this morning to see the Brocketts off on the Zarembo. Word came however that the ship would not be in until 5.30, so after they were all ready to go, with sandwiches packed for lunch, they decided to stay here until the middle of the afternoon. Bernice made champagne cocktails, we ate the sandwiches, and Bill made Mexican mole. Instead of three for lunch there were twelve. When Bernice came back from Monrovia at midnight, she said the Brocketts, with their two-year-old child, were still sitting on the dock waiting for an opportunity to get out to the ship.

Bill and I went to the Club here in the evening, and saw a very boring Shirley Temple picture - the first time either of us had ever seen her, and I hope it will be the last.

April 22 -

Bill went into Monrovia to get permission to go to the Polish Plantation at Repoota tomorrow. I spent the morning between the rice shed and the store, getting provisions together, and the afternoon packing our tin trunks.

About four-thirty Bobo showed up. We had sent him up to join Vi in the Gibi, and given him nets, derris root, and preservative, so that in case Vi got permission to go up the mountain Bobo could collect fishes for the Museum. Bobo's black face was a beam. He had three large jars so full of closely packed specimens that some of them were beginning to decay. He said they had got up the mountain, and that these had been caught about half-way up. Later Vi came in and told us the story, of how he had palavered for five days, of how the Chief had agreed for four pounds dash to let them go up the sacred mountain, of how his sub-Chief had refused, and the dash was returned. On the fifth night Vi had gotten as far as Garmal's Town at the base of the mountain, and despaired of getting any farther. He asked the village to put on a devil dance, and while all the men were watching this, Bobo slipped out, with a lantern, and got some fish from the stream at the base of the mountain. Vi said he was afraid for Bobo, because there was no telling what the natives would have done to him if they had caught him "poisoning" their sacred water. The next day Vi found that one of his former employes was a brother of the Chief, and through him finally got permission

to go to the mountain. It was a two-and-a-half mile climb to the top, through absolutely untouched jungle, and Vi had to make his way along game trails, crouching to get through the vines and underbrush, sometimes practically on his hands and knees where the ascent was steep. Anyway he got to the top, the first white man ever to do this, and found that it was a narrow ridge, 2042 feet above sea level. The Firestone Company had hoped that this, as the nearest mountain in the country, would be a suitable place for a rest house or hill station, but Vi reports that it is too narrow to be used. There would be room for a large bungalow, and perhaps tennis courts, but no golf course. He left Bobo at a stream 900 feet altitude, and here Bobo collected until Vi and his half dozen companions returned.

About seven o'clock we got word from the District Commissioner, Watson of Kakata, that we could not go to the Polish Plantation tomorrow. The President is going to be there, and then the Secretary of the Treasury taking inventory of the now-abandoned establishment. This is the second time that old buzzard has stopped us from going up country after all our plans were made, and we are furious, but finally decide to be diplomatic and call on him tomorrow.

April 23 -

We left the plantation at ten o'clock, and were in Kakata in the house of the District Commissioner before noon. We found Watson a slender, elderly negro, with a quiet, rather formal manner, and a big black cancer on his lower lip. He has been offered the post of Secretary of the Interior, but has not yet accepted it, the reason being (says the report) that he has seventeen women in his establishment in Kakata, and it would not do to move them all to Monrovia. He suggested that we go to other parts of the country first, Saneyeh or Gbanga, and see the Polish Plantation later on.

We had taken sandwiches with us for lunch, and went into the trading company of the Cavalla River Company, and asked our friend in there, Mr. Burkenhagen, if we could have some beer to wash down our sandwiches with. He took us upstairs into his own quarters, and we had a pleasant luncheon. Then we went out to Henry Cooper's, because Bill had heard of a famous "Snake Man" out there. Cooper is a former Secretary of the Interior, a Howard University graduate, and a plump and genial soul. He offered us whisky soda, graham crackers and cheese, and we had a pleasant visit with him. One of his employees brought in a nice little civet cat which we bought. The Snake Man produced two enormous rhinoceros vipers, which he handled casually - even Bill, to prove that he, too, was a Snake Man, held one of the fat, ugly, triangular-headed reptiles while I shuddered for him. I was mortally afraid Bill would buy them and we would have to take them, in an open box, in the car with us, but they were not for sale.

Farther down the road we bought a beautiful Diana monkey from a native woman. It is a little more than half-grown, tame as a kitten and twice as lively. It was tremendously interested in its first automobile ride, and sat in the window with its head out,

or up in front with both paws against the windshield, most of the way. Bobo and Flomo had gone along with us, and Flomo held the duck which the Commissioner had dashed us, Bobo the monkey, and I the civet cat.

We stopped at the hospital where Bill had a cold shot, and then had tea with the Campbells.

April 24 -

We made an inventory at the rice shed today of specimens on hand and ready to ship on the West Kebar the end of this week. It totals up to 136 specimens, and of course that does not include antelopes and mongoose, which we are keeping here until later. Roy will have charge of the following list however, and we are praying that most of the things will survive the voyage and reach New York alive.

- 1 pigmy hippo
- 4 chimpanzees
- 1 giant pangolin
- 2 small pangolins
- 2 water mongoose (Bill calls them Water Civets)
- 1 native ground hog
- 2 giant pouched rats
- 7 striped squirrels
- 1 potto
- 3 bush babies (galagos)
- 1 dormouse
- 9 sooty mangabeys
- 1 Liberian diana
- 7 civet cats
- 1 linsang (small species of civet cat)
- 2 leopards
- 1 falcon
- 1 horned owl
- 3 hawks
- 2 rails
- 1 crested guinea fowl
- 6 hornbills
- 4 monitor lizards
- 3 species crocodile
- 20 land tortoises
- 12 vipers (Gaboos and rhinoceros)
- 3 chameleons
- 3 black cobras
- 1 palm viper
- 30 miscellaneous snakes

It is not enough, as far as results of the expedition go, but it's not bad for a little over a month's collecting, and Bill feels more cheerful. It is certainly enough to make a nice show at the Firestone exhibit in New York.

In the evening we had dinner at the Campbells, and spent a very pleasant evening.

April 26 -

Bill and I spent the morning out at the Research Department, where Dr. McIndoo and Dr. Tengwall work with problems of plant introduction. We saw large pineapple fields, palm nuts, young rubber, and papaya, as well as trial beds of beans, cucumbers, sweet corn and other vegetables from temperate climates. Cucumbers do very well here, and are surprisingly crisp and firm.

In the afternoon we went over to the rice shed, and made some final pictures of the animals that are to be shipped on the next boat. The four little chimps are in fine shape, even "Libby" who was so sick on the way back from Belleyella is strong and husky now, the only difference between her and the others being that she still has to be fed with a syringe, while the other three drink their milk from a big pan, all of them diving into it together. Two of them have the same trick as our two little ones at home, walking about together with their arms around each other, and unhappy if they are separated. One male chimp is quarrelsome, but the four live in one big cage together - when they are not roaming about at liberty. The little Diana from Kakata is a darling; Bill took a movie of her sitting on my shoulder pulling out my hairpins.

April 27 -

All day the house resounded to the strains of Rigoletto. George had offered to loan the Club his set of records, and to discourse briefly on the opera, if they wanted a musical evening. We went over at eight o'clock, and George told the story of the opera and how it came to be written, and then played the whole score through on the phonograph. It was interesting in itself, of course, but doubly so as showing how versatile George is. Only yesterday he was deep in discussion of poultry farming with Dr. Campbell, and drawing up plans for a new club house with one hand and a chicken house with the other. He knows almost as much about ancient Egyptian history as he does about rubber; he reads Freud and books on Communism; he understands broadcasts in Dutch and German; and writes book reviews and editorials for Blanter's Punch.

April 28 -

Dr. Fuszek, the Hungarian doctor who has spent twenty years practising in Monrovia, came out to see our animals, so that he can give them a clean bill of health when we sail. He had palm butter chop with us at the house. In the evening we went over to the Club and saw the movie "Three Blind Mice" with Loretta Young and Joel McCrea.

April 29 -

We were down at the waterside at nine o'clock, just as the first truck load of animals arrived from the rice shed. Dr. McIndoo drove down with a load of bananas, avocados, pineapples and greens. Roy came in another truck, with his tin trunk, and several rice bags full of souvenirs - devil masks, country cloth, and native knives.

When all the animals and food supplies were loaded into a big, gasoline-powered lighter, we ourselves took the launch and started down the Farmington River. It is a ride of about an hour to Marshall, and we watched for monkeys and hornbills in the big trees along the water's edge. It is a pretty ride, with the tangled jungle along the bank - mangrove, ferns, a water pandanus, cotton trees, and masses of vines.

At Marshall we had to wait until the lighter caught up with us, and we sat in Mr. James's breeze swept house by the beach, and drank lime juice. When the lighter came, we all got in, and started out into the surf and over the bar. One lighter was lost here four years ago, and fourteen men drowned, and of course this catastrophe is always discussed if a newcomer is making his first trip out. The sea was calm, our boatman found a fairly smooth passage out, although we got a couple of hard spansks as we bucked into the rolling breakers.

The West Kebar was a couple of miles out at sea, and it was fun to get on board again, and see Captain Bogden and Engineer Stone. We had drinks and sandwiches with the Chief, and beseeched the Captain to allow Jennier to stay on board with the animals, but to no avail. Company regulations prohibit the carrying of passengers from Marshall to Monrovia, so as soon as the animals were loaded, we all had to get off (getting a good bump as the mammy chair hit the lighter), go back up the river, get into cars at ~~the~~ the waterside, and Jennier had to be driven into Monrovia to get on the West Kebar again. We learned later that he had quite a time getting aboard, as it was nearly nine o'clock when they got to the beach, and there was no surf boat ready for them. They finally roused a native who had a canoe and paddled him out to the ship.

A terrific electric storm broke while we were having dinner and two or three times we thought the house was struck. The lights kept going out, and the telephone was put completely out of commission. We worried about the animals, which we had left on one of the hatches, but learned the next day that there had been no rain in Monrovia, only a high wind.

April 30 -

Bill and I went over to the rice shed in the morning, and found it quite desolate. All that remains there are the antelope, the mongoose, and a couple of parrots. However, we had a cage full of Gold Coast parrakeets which the Engineer had brought us, and while we were there a boy brought in a chameleon, and a Snake Man came in with a big rhinoceros viper, so the collection is starting once more.

In the afternoon we went into Monrovia to arrange for our Cape Mount trip. We can get Jantzen's fishing boat for £7 - 10 each way, and ordered it to be ready on Thursday morning.

We called on Mr. Wharton, the American Charge d'Affaires, and found him affable as usual. He commented on our sun tan, and

admitted that he, too, tanned very easily - as a matter of fact he is so light in color that he might pass for a white man. We were telling him about our collection of native names - Bobo, Flomo, Yo-Yo, Pay Pay, Best Man, New Boy, Fine Boy, Small Boy, Rice Bag, Car Boy, Monrovia - and he gave us three new ones - Black Man Trouble, Savior Boy and Sunday.

We stopped in at the Mission, and found all three of the Fathers there (Carroll, Kennedy and Coleman) and had a pleasant visit with them over a glass of wine, and swapping Irish stories.

On our way back we stopped at the hospital to give the Campbells some fresh Edam cheese that we had found in the metropolis and found that Bernice was there, and about to be put to bed in the hospital. She has been feeling miserable for some time, and Dr. Campbell wants to give her a thorough going over.

We came back to the house, and found nobody here, and the servants did not know where either George or Bernie were. There ensued one of the typical mix-ups over automobiles and messages. We had invited Ralph to come over to dinner, and promised that William would call for him, as our driver would have had enough work for the day when he got us back from Monrovia. William was here, but nobody had thought to tell him about calling for Norris; George, not knowing that Norris was coming, had gone off with the car. We had to send Philip - fourteen miles each way -; then George came in, and said Bernie was over at the Wellers, who live just two doors from Ralph, and that she would probably come with him. Ralph came in, and said "Where's Bernie?" It seems that Mr. Weller had said he would drive her over, and Ralph thought he had seen her on the road. Bernie did not show up at all; it developed that she had gone to another house, leaving a message at the Wellers' which was not delivered. ~~She~~ We told William to pick her up when he took Norris back, but William couldn't find her, and eventually one of the boys brought her back in a pick-up about one o'clock.

May 1 -

Continuing automobile troubles, Bill had ordered Philip, our driver for eight o'clock. Bernie had a date for six thirty, but overslept, and at eight o'clock woke up and asked if she could go with Bill, as George had taken their car. While we waited for her to dress and breakfast, Philip reported that he did not have the key to our car. He is supposed to leave it with Vipond's steward boy at night; last night the steward boy was not there, so he left it with the cook. In the night the cook was taken ill, and went off to the hospital with the key in his pocket. The telephone is still not working, so Philip had to go down the road until he could borrow a pick-up - no easy task in the morning when the men are out at work - drive to the hospital, get the key, come back to Vipond's, and eventually get our car.

May 3 - 4

These two days have been devoted to fish collecting in the small streams around the plantation. Yesterday we started over toward the hydro-electric plant on the Farmington River, but saw a promising little stream on the way, and stopped there for most of the day. Bobo and Flomo went a quarter of a mile up from the culvert and put derris root in the water; just below the culvert we stretched a net. In a few moments the stunned fish, floating on their sides, began to drift down, and for five or six hours we stayed there, with the boys picking up literally buckets full of desirable specimens. We didn't count, but Bill estimated that there were twenty different species.

I went back to the trading company about noon, and bought sardines, crackers, perrier water, pickles and jam, and we ate it by the side of the road in the broiling sun - fun but hot.

In the afternoon we went over to the hydro plant. This is under construction, and it was interesting to see how much work must be done before one can have electric power in the heart of Africa. There are falls here in the Farmington. Great stretches of forest land have been felled, a labor village and an office built, rocky cliffs blasted away with dynamite, roads for the trucks built, the river dammed and being dredged, and hundreds of black men were working with pick axes and wheelbarrows.

The engineer in charge offered to dynamite the stream for Bill, to see what fishes could be caught in that way. The first blast was put off in rather shallow water close to shore; the second far out in a deep little bay; total result: four fishes as big as sardines. "The mountain labored," says Bill, "and brought forth a mouse."

May 5 -

I went to Mass at Bill Auth's, while Bill went fishing again and cut open a couple of termite nests. One nest was deserted, the other was being raided by driver ants.

We had Jolof rice - something like nasi goreng, with fried rice, chicken, ham, bacon, tomatoes, onion, egg plant and country pepper - at Vipond's. The country chop of Liberia is certainly good.

In the afternoon we went back to the stream near the rice shed where we had left Bobo and Flomo, and picked up them and their collection, taking the fish over to the rice shed to preserve them in alcohol and formalin. When the boys catch a number of large fishes - some of them are eight or ten inches long - Bill gives them enough for chop, so they are rapidly becoming very enthusiastic fishermen, and think derris root is great medicine.

Spent the evening at the Club, but there was no movie tonight - the film had not been sent up from Monrovia.

May 6 -

I spent the morning at home packing, while Bill supervised the packing at the rice shed. There really is considerable packing to do this time, as we are moving over to Vi's house when we return from this trip. Bernice has been quite ill, in the hospital for four days last week; George is going to Cape Palmas; and anyway the house is rather crowded with us here for so long a time, while Vi has a big house next door with nobody there but himself. We sent over all our trunks except the ones we are taking to Cape Mount.

After lunch we drove into Monrovia, did a few errands, called on Mr. Wharton, and about five thirty went down to the dock to ~~load~~ put our truck-load of gear aboard the Helene. She is a fifty-foot fishing boat, with sails and an auxiliary engine, and we chartered her for the overnight run to Cape Mount at a cost of £ 7 - 10. We took our three best boys - Flomo, Bobo and Pay-Pay with us. Mrs. Bodewes wanted to visit some friends in Cape Mount, so we invited her to come along.

About six-thirty we left the fish wharf, and set out under the able guidance of Captain Rosen, a young German, and his crew of eleven boys.

The other day at the Seybolds' we met a young couple called Low, who have lived for the past two years on a thirty-five foot sail boat, coming down here from Tallinn, and sailing down the West Coast and back. They carry no crew at all, take their turns at watch, have no engine to supplement the sails, have been capsized three times (she can't swim), and altogether struck us as about the most courageous, or plumb f~~odd~~-hardy youngsters we had ever met. She is a tiny thing, looks about fourteen years old, and is as brown as an Indian.

Tonight as we left the dock a small sail boat hailed us, and to our surprise Captain Rosen stopped the Helene, threw out a towing rope, and we picked up the Low's little craft. We had heard George say that they wanted to go to Marshall, but were afraid to tackle the bar by themselves, so we at once understood that we were to tow them out. Crossing the bar with a boat the size of the Helene is a ticklish business, and although the sailboat is smaller than the one we were on, it has a bigger draft, and we all held our breaths while the boatmen found a way to get us all through the breakers and over the sand bar. Looking ahead, and seeing the curling crests of the waves rushing toward you, it seems an impossible feat, but we got through without any bad bumps, and just a certain amount of pitching and rolling. When we were well out to sea we let loose the tow rope, and waved farewell to our gallant little Esthonians.

It was dark before we had a chance to get at our lunch box, and we found that to eat at all was going to be difficult. There is no deck space on the Helene except a passage way of about three feet each side of the center hatch. The cabin was so hot that it was impossible to sit in it for more than a minute; Bill, however, thought the cabin was preferable to the cluttered deck, so he stayed down there, dripping with perspiration, and Mrs. Bodewes and I arranged ourselves on top of the hatch, which was full of fish nets with cork ~~bobbin~~ floats on them. We had to hang on, as the boat rocked and rolled so badly,

and for once in my life thick slabs of Dutch cheese, sardines and dill pickles seemed unappetizing. Marie and I both felt that to try and sleep in the cabin would be disastrous, so we stretched out on top of the fish nets, and tried to sleep. She was much more successful at it than I. However, it was fun to lie there on my back and watch the stars sail crazily back and forth above the masts, but even that pleasure vanished at midnight when a light rain came up. I tried the cabin once more, thinking it might have cooled off, but soon came back on deck again, feeling a little seasick.

At two o'clock we reached Cape Mount, and anchored. When the engines stopped, and the vibration with it, I dozed off for a couple of hours.

May 7 -

This was one of those rare mornings when I was glad to see that light had come and the night was over at last. The Captain offered us black bitter coffee, but Marie and I were not interested in food, and the very thought of Bill stowing away cheese sandwiches and beer made us dizzy. We sat there and rocked, although the sea was calm, and watched Cape Mount for two hours before we saw the surf boat coming out for us. It had to go a long way around to cross the bar, and as we saw it ducking and plunging through the breakers we began to worry about our cameras and typewriter, as it seemed inevitable that they would be soaked with spray and salt water.

However, when we finally got all our gear and ourselves and our boys in the ~~flat-bottomed~~ boat, and the crew of seven oarsmen started to row, we came through safely. It is a complete mystery to me how these boats get through the surf; of course, going in they are helped by the waves: they pick a big one and let it carry the boat in, but how they manage to dodge all the breakers I cannot understand.

We got off at the Customs wharf, and walked over to West's store, where we met Mr. Paul, whom we had met before at the Campbells'. He gave us pretzels and hot tea, which tasted good, and then we climbed up the hill, still feeling a little wobbly, to call on Miss Mary Wood McKenzie at the Episcopal Mission here. She has been in Africa eighteen years, and is a pleasant woman of about forty. We met also one of the teachers, a young girl called Miss True, and we spent the morning with them, had lunch there, while they arranged for a house for us. After lunch we moved over to the house formerly occupied by Dr. Koch, the head of the hospital here. It is a charming place, about half way up the hill, with a magnificent view of the sea. We have a big living room, bed room, wash room, kitchen, and a verandah sixty feet long. Although Dr. Koch has moved to a new house next door he has left enough tables and chairs here to make it a luxurious camp; we have running water and electric light as well!

We started Flomo off on his new role of cook by having him heat a tin of beans and one of hot dogs, while we went over to the doctor's house for a drink. We found Mrs. Bodewes there, and seven or eight Germans - the two doctors, Koch and Kohl; two traders, Paul and Loeffler; and Captain Rosen of the Helene.

We were so tired we went to ^{bed} ~~sleep~~ almost immediately after

dinner, and after listening for a few moments to the steady splosh - splosh of ripe mangos falling off a tree beside the house, went to sleep.

May 8 -

We were wakened by the hooting of Dr. Koch's pet chimpanzee, which lives in a tree at the corner of our verandah. Another smaller chimp came calling before we finished breakfast, and ambled gaily about the house, leaving mango seeds here and there on the floor.

We spent most of the day admiring the view of the sea, and unpacking and settling down in our spacious quarters. Toward evening we walked down the hill into the village, stopping in at the Dutch store, at West's, and ending up at Mr. Loeffler's. We don't know our way up the hill very well yet, and had to be sure to leave at six o'clock, so that we would be home before dark. The climb up to our house is so steep that we are panting and perspiring when we get there.

Flomo is studying cooking under our tutelage. Tonight we asked him to boil some sweet potatoes, and heat up a can of chili con carne. He boiled the sweet potatoes all right, but served the chili cold, with lumps of grease and pepper floating in it.

May 9 -

Mr. Loeffler invited us on an excursion to Sugari - a village down the coast celebrated for its sacred crocodile - and we started off in a surf boat at eight o'clock. Miss True from the Mission, the two German doctors, Mrs. Bodewes, Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Fuchs (of West's) came with us, so we made quite a large party for the boat, which already had a head man and six oarsmen. We crossed over to the other side of the bay, then got out and walked about an hour along the beach while the surf boat went across the bar. We saw sea gulls, guinea fowl, ghost crabs, plovers, one goliath heron, and collected a few sea shells and a cluster of barnacles so big that I am taking them home to use for flower vases! The surf boat came in through an inlet, and took us along Sugari creek, which is separated from the sea only by a rather high sandbank. Here we saw a crocodile on the bank.

We reached Sugari about eleven o'clock, and ate our lunch in a nice little house belonging to the local Mandingo trader. The sacred crocodile lay just off the beach, with his eyes and nose out of water. The surf boat could not come up on the beach, so we had to be carried one by one from the boat to the beach, and although I was a little nervous about the proximity of the crocodile, the boat boys who were carrying us paid no attention to him at all, nor he to them.

After lunch we were allowed to buy a chicken for two and a half times the market value. The chicken was tied to a string, and one of the villagers walked down to the water's edge and showed it to the croc. He came lurching up on the sand, and followed the unfortunate and squawking chicken right into the village. He is a big boy, about seven feet long, and with a gruesome set of teeth. Bill was busily grinding away with his camera, and when he gave the word

the croc was allowed to catch up with the chicken. He grabbed it so suddenly that Bill missed photographing the actual snatch, but got the croc with his jaws full of feathers. Then a bottle of cane juice was produced (we had brought it with us) and a little was poured into the mouth of the reptile, who thereupon raised himself on all four legs and trotted contentedly back into the sea. He emerged a few moments later to chase a puppy dog, which scampered off in great fright.

Our boatmen hoisted a sail coming back, and there were stretches where we made pretty good time. We ladies all got off and walked again along the beach coming back, but the men went with the boat across the bar. The way these big boats - they're about like life boats - manoeuvre their way through rolling breakers without getting the passengers soaked, never ceases to amaze me.

In the evening Mr. Paul and Mr. Fuchs came to dinner, which consisted of tinned corned beef and cabbage, avocados, and brandied dates from California. The two German doctors came over later on to drink beer with us till nearly midnight.

May 10 -

We walked over to the Mission this morning, to talk with Miss McKenzie about plans for our forthcoming bush trip. While there we listened to a brief broadcast from London, and learned of German bombing flights over France, and of Germany's invasion of Holland and Belgium. Our neighbors are flying a big Nazi flag this morning.

Miss True came for lunch, which was one of Bill's stew concoctions and very good.

In the evening Mrs. Bodewes and Mr. Loeffler called, and stayed quite late because of the violent thunderstorm. She had not been told of the German invasion of Holland, so for the last time probably in many years we entertained a Dutch and German guests at the same time.

May 11 - Mrs. Bodewes, who by now knows the worst, came for lunch, and wept over her country's plight.

In the afternoon the German doctors, Miss True and I went to the nearby town of Toso, where there were supposed to be special festivities accompanying the end of the woman's bush. Toso is a pleasant little town near the sea, with big trees around it, but the dances, if any, did not begin until too late for us to see them. We went over in a surf boat, and wanted to get back before dark. We did see three devil dancers in a new kind of costume, consisting of long black hair instead of the customary palm fiber, and wearing carved black masks. The women came through town in a sort of snake dance, with the new initiates walking between two files of women, so that they could not be seen plainly. One gruesome feature of the afternoon was that several ~~xxxxxx~~ lepers from the nearby island colony had come over to watch proceedings, although they are supposed to be kept in complete isolation. Dr. Koch showed us one small boy who had been cured of leprosy by the Mission station here.

May 12 - In the morning we called on the Huygens and Mrs. Bodewes and listened to the depressing war news over the radio.

Both Mrs. Bodewes' mother and Mrs. Huygens' mother live in the same block of the same street in Rotterdam, and according to reports are in the midst of heavy fighting and bombing.

In the evening we had supper at the Mission, and found getting over there, in the dark and on these rocky mountain paths, rather an adventure. We made one wrong turn and found ourselves at the hospital back door, but eventually reached Miss McKenzie's verandah, somewhat flushed and dripping with perspiration. We had creamed chicken and waffles, and I was touched by the Southern atmosphere of the Mission house (Miss McKenzie is from North Carolina). There was a fine linen cloth on the table, flowers in the center and candles with rosy shades, and both women were wearing pretty chiffon dresses. Miss McKenzie told us many stories of her experiences in Liberia, including one hair-raising tale of trying to get out in a surf boat to her steamer one time when she was going home on leave. A big breaker caught the boat, and all the boatmen jumped overboard, leaving her to be washed back and forth by the waves. Some of the Mission boys swam out to her rescue, including one Robert Sherman, and paddled her safely out to the steamer, but there was great excitement for a time, with the school children wailing and trying to pray, and one of the native priests shouting "O God, be righteous to the merciful."

May 13 -

Our caravan of porters, with Flomo, Pay-Pay and Bobo, left the house at 6.45, after the usual palaver over loads. We sent a note over to the doctors asking for an invitation to breakfast, which was promptly granted. About nine we went down to the town, and found Robert Sherman waiting for us with the Mission launch. Mr. Paul joined us for the expedition to Bendaja. As we started across the bay to the mouth of the Mani River, we saw the surf boat, loaded with our boys and baggage, just beside us, and learned later that they had had trouble getting a boat, and had been delayed two hours at the waterside.

The launch took us up a jungle-bordered river to a tiny town called Medina, where we transferred to a dug out canoe, and went about a mile farther up the river to Dia. Here Mr. Paul has a small branch store, and the wife of the agent there cooked us country chop, while we sat and watched the rain, and waited for our porters. They made good time, and arrived only about an hour and a half after we did, having taken a trail that leads here from Sawilo.

We were then introduced to a new type of conveyance for Africa, called ricksha by the Mission and wheelbarrow by the natives. Father Simmons, of the Mission, had invented it, and as far as I know there are only two of them in all the world. He took one wicker chair and one one canvas camp chair and mounted them on rubber-tired wheels. An iron shaft for and aft enables one boy to push and one to pull. It is not a bad way of getting over the road in those portions of the country where trails are wide and kept in good condition. Where the road was level, or going down hill the ricksha boys ran at topspeed, a little terrifying at first until one is quite convinced that the makeshift vehicle will really hold together. Of course there are the countless native bridges of logs and saplings and twigs that have to be crossed on foot, and some hills so steep and rocky that we had to walk up and down them. However, we arrived at Mombo in two hours and forty-five minutes, while the last of caravan did not get in until two hours later.

Mombo is the seat of another of the Episcopal Mission schools, in charge of a young native teacher called Varney, and his wife who was formerly a nurse in the hospital. Varney was playing football with his boys when we arrived and came over to greet us with a wide smile and a charming unaffected manner quite different from the customary pomposity of the educated Liberian. He has a school, a dispensary and a chapel - all of mud with thatched roofs. The little chapel was quite sweet, with arched windows, and a large piece of country cloth which had been woven with a design of crucifixes hung behind the altar.

There is also a nice rest house here, with a dining room, verandah, and two bedrooms. Our boys set up camp, and Mrs. Varney sent over large bowls and pans containing rice, chicken, palm butter and boiled eddoes.

May 14 - At eight o'clock we were on the road again, stopping in various villages along the way to visit with people Mr. Paul knew - either small traders or native Mission teachers. In one place an old man with the worst case of yaws I have yet seen came up and insisted on shaking hands with me. As soon as we were out of sight I borrowed one of Bill's alcohol vials and disinfected my hands as well as possible.

We lunched by the roadside off sardines, pickles, biscuits and jam, and reached Bendaja at two o'clock, where we were greeted most hospitably by the Paramount Chief Boima Quae - a picturesque old character famous in Liberia for having led the Gola uprising some twenty years ago. He prepared his rest house for us, even furnishing beds and bedding. The house is circular, with two doors and four windows, provided with wooden doors and two sets of shutters to each window. Inside were two beds, two big tables, several chairs, a large sideboard, matting on the floor, and quite a lot of wood-carving around doors and windows and even one octagonal panel set into the heavy matting of the ceiling. He produced for us a fine set of china, and put good pieces of country cloth, as well as embroidered sheets and pillow cases, on the grass mattresses on the beds. All we had to do was hang up our mosquito net.

On the walls were some Japanese posters, a postcard picture of Rome upside down, a scene of horseback riders in what appeared to be the Rocky mountains, an Arabic script, a photograph of President Barclay, and a certificate to the effect that Chief Boima Quae had been awarded a gold medal by the Liberian government.

The Chief's head woman, an attractive young thing called Fermatah, who is quite a flirt, cooked country chop for us, and it was good. Rain fell during most of the afternoon, but toward evening I wandered down one of the nearby trails, and found monkeys in trees actually in sight of the town. Monkeys here are not killed for food, and we had been told that they were more tame than in any other part of Africa.

This is a Mohammedan town, although the Episcopal Mission has a school on the outskirts, and five times a day one hears the call of the muezzin, and the men repair to the mud-walled, thatch-roofed mosque, which has a lattice-work screen of bamboo hanging on all four sides.

May 15 - We spent the morning chopping up a big termite nest, a mound about six feet tall. In it were millions of termites - workers, soldier

with big heads and jaws strong enough to draw blood when they bit - which they did frequently - white callows looking like ghosts of the termites they were to become, pupae and eggs; These are fungus-growing termites, and there were plentiful fungus gardens, looking like soft whitish sponges in the red earth of the mound itself. The queen cell was a big hard oval of mud, which when opened showed the queen, the male, the workers and ~~several interesting~~ two species of termitophiles. The queen was about four inches long, all abdomen with a head a quarter of an inch long, and she was simply a naked palpitating egg machine, with the eggs still exuding in a milky flow.

Boima Quae (Bill calls him Boy McCoy) called in the afternoon. Bill gave him a carton of cigarettes, and a box of matches, and offered him a drink. He refused, being a good Moslem, anything but beer, but he tossed off a quart bottle of that in two minutes, and then, without wiping the foam from his lips (it looked like a white mustache) took his leave, saying "Excuse me, I must go to pray."

About five o'clock we heard a beating of drums and chanting, and walked through the village thinking perhaps to see a native dance. The head of the local branch of the Poro was in town, a rather handsome Zo of about forty years, wearing a peaked cap, a grass skirt over khaki shorts, and tastefully decorated with cowrie shells and an assortment of animal skins - potto, monkey and civet predominating. This is the time of year when the women's bush is ended and the men's bush beginning, and as the rule of the town is transferred from the men to the women certain ceremonies must be observed. The Zo gave the women, who were all lined up on one side of the village square, a loud harangue, and was answered with jeers, hand-clapping and evidently obscene remarks. However, as he progressed the women melted away until only the men were left, and our own boys hustled me off to our rest house. Once we were all inside the doors and windows were closed and bolted, and we sat in the stifling heat for about an hour while mysterious sounds of men running and shouting were to be heard outside.

In the early afternoon we collected some fish by putting derris in a nearby stream, and got among other things a live catfish which, as Flomo explained, is the "fish that shakes you." Bill put in a fish can with other fish, who were electrocuted by it. Fermeteh cooked palm butter chop for us again, this time we provided the chicken.

Most of the evening there was a big palaver, with nearby chiefs and village headmen gathered round. Boima Quae has sent out a call to all hunters to go out and get us animals, and we were quite encouraged when Bobo told us that at one time, when the Government ordered monkeys to be collected, the people here caught 3578 alive! He said they cut off most of the branches of trees where the monkeys lived, isolating them in the topmost branches and then felling the tree. It sounded plausible, although we had some doubts as to the actual number captured.

May 16 - All the trails from the village lead to good bush, and we walked along one very pretty shady trail this morning, collecting insects. Bill was pleased to find Diopsidae fairly plentiful, and he also got six species of tiger beetles. My great thrill was getting close enough to a monkey in a tree to photograph it.

Our own boys went out today and brought in five termite queen cells for Bill to dissect. The village children brought in five

species of frogs, including a dozen or more live *Xenopus*, another electric catfish, three kinds of snakes, a small green tree frog with red thighs and legs, another tree frog striped black and white.

We photographed the Chief and his woman today, using color movie and Kodakrome in the Leica. He put on a fine embroidered robe for the occasion, and they both took it very seriously.

The Zo came to town again, and again we sat cooped up in our house waiting for him to leave. Our boys were very serious about our not peeking out through the shutters, and even Mr. Paul told stories of mysterious poisonings when bush society laws had been violated. The Zo called on us, and we asked his permission to take his photograph but as he wanted a hundred pounds for that privilege we decided to omit it.

A hunter sent in a whole wild boar today, and we bought one leg, which made very good stew.

Rice is plentiful here, although one wonders why when one sees the rice farms. Forest land is cleared only to the extent of chopping down the trees, leaving stumps six feet high, and many logs, which are burned over. Then the rice is planted, and the little green shoots which are now beginning to come up, look lost in the blackened waste. The land can be used only two years, whether rice or cassava is planted, and is then let lie fallow for seven years, when it has to be cleared and burned again.

May 17 -

Today we put up our Explorers Club and Woman Geographers flags, in honor of the gathering of clan chiefs, town chiefs, soldiers and hunters. Chiefs of five sections were here, and we presented them all with tobacco. Boima Quae has issued orders that no farm work is to be done for two days, that all men must go out and collect animals for us. A formal presentation of a live sheep, a bowl of rice and six eggs was made to us by the Chief.

Our porters, inspired by the big palaver, set to with a will making basket cages, closely woven of palm fiber and tied with rattan.

The German doctors arrived in the middle of the afternoon, full of news of new German victories in Europe, and confident that Hitler would shortly win the war.

May 18 -

We all set out in the morning for the neighboring town of Dambala, which was said to be an hour's walk away. We made three of it, with Bill and Mr. Paul entomologising along the way, and the doctors hunting. It was Dr. Kahl's first bush trip, and he was ready to shoot at anything. The day's catch was one monkey, one squirrel, and two touracou. One touracou was hit, but only grazed; he fell to the ground, and the boys picked him up still alive, with only a slight head wound. We are hoping that he will live, for he is a gorgeous big blue bird, with bright orange and red beak, and really more like a South American macaw in size and color than any touracou I had ever seen before.

There is a small mission school and dispensary in Dambala, and we stopped at the teacher's house, where his wife made palm oil chop for us with the two touracous, which were very tough indeed, but had a nice gamey flavor.

On the road we met a man with a wild guinea, which we bought for two shillings. Bill built small fires in three trees, and out of one of them came a family of three lemurs, the tiny bush babies of West Africa. Mona, Hussar and white nosed monkeys were plentiful all day, though I was unable to get another photograph of one. Bill collected insects all along the way, and one of the sights of the road was to see him make a pass at a tiger beetle, with his butterfly net, miss it, and then have Pay-Pay, who was carrying the big camera on his head, stoop and catch it in his hand without dropping the camera or losing his balance.

May 19 -

In the morning a great hullabaloo broke out in the village, and crowds of people came swarming into our house, accompanying one young hunter who had captured a small duiker and brought it to us done up in a palm leaf cainje wrapped in nets. Bill paid him 17/6, gave him a drink of gin and a head of tobacco, and there was general rejoicing.

In the afternoon Fermatah and I went for a walk, with her helping me solicitously over the bridges on the trail. I was looking for small leaf beetles, and she delightedly went prancing about, young and graceful as a kitten, trying vainly to catch crickets and grasshoppers and squealing with laughter.

Two mongooses arrived, and although we did not want them we bought them to encourage the trappers. In the late afternoon, when I was trying to get a bath, a stream of people arrived, bringing a porcupine (first report was that it was a leopard), two small birds, one snake, four little striped mice, three of which had been hit in the head and promptly died.

Today we ate our ceremonial sheep, stewed for lunch and roasted for dinner. The doctors brought their cook with them, and he did a good job on the dinner. Roast lamb couldn't have been any better at home, with proper oven temperature control, than it was when cooked over a small fire on the floor of a mud kitchen.

May 20 - The doctors left this morning after an early breakfast, also Mr. Paul, and we felt quite lonely. We went for a walk and caught more horn-flies, saw big hornbills and white nosed monkeys, and smoked out several hollow trees, catching nothing more useful than a family of Thymalis, a horrible looking creature related to the spiders and scorpions.

The day's catch netted us one tiny baby monkey, which has to be fed milk from a syringe, four young white-necked crows, which have to be fed by hand, another porcupine and one large bullfrog.

In the afternoon the Chief sent over a letter which he had just received from Colonel T. Elwood Davis, the Superintendent of Grand Cape Mount County, whom we had tried in vain to call on while we were in Cape Mount. The letter was so interesting that I asked the Chief's permission to make a copy of it.

33 -
COPY

Superintendent's Office
RobertSPORT
Grand Cape Mount County
May 17, 1940

Paramount Chief
Boima Quae
Kpopa Section

Dear Chief:

I received your verbal query about the foreigners operating in your section. I wish to inform you that I only heard of their arrival by rumour. I am addressing a letter to Dr. Mann and his party to remain at Bendaja pending their sending down to me their papers before they proceed further. If they have gone beyond Bendaja you will invite them back to Bendaja.

In the case of Mr. Paul, West agent, the German doctor and the other doctor, you will advise them not to go near the British boundary. You will take note secretly of the number of guns they have and laborers as well as their general activities and report to me immediately. Any information that you may have not contained in this letter you will please forward them. You will treat this letter in strict confidence.

I think it advisable that you place an intelligent messenger with them to observe their activities.

With sentiments of my regard, I am

Faithfully yours,

T. Elwood Davis
Supt. Gr. Cape Mount Co.

Inasmuch as the letter was strictly confidential we were amused to have the Chief bring it to us to read to him, although when I first glanced at it I asked him if he knew what was in it and he said he did. We had certainly done our best to present our papers in person while we were in Cape Mount. We had heard first that Davis was in Mombo, and as we were going through Mombo we expected to meet him there. Then we heard he was in Sugari, but he was not there the day we were. We sent our papers down to him by messenger today.
May 21 -

Bill and I spent the morning fishing one small stream near town and got a number of fishes, although they seem very similar to those we have collected elsewhere. I photographed several groups of natives who passed us on the path while we were there, notably one group of men carrying the complete outfit for making cane juice - tank, coil, and enormous wooden mallets to crush the sugar cane.

Women who came along the trail sang at the top of their lungs. This was not through exuberance or high spirits or love of music. The boys' bush is now in session, and during its three years the boys are not allowed to see a woman. Any woman going from town to town is obliged to make her presence known, so that a boy who might be working near the road is properly warned and may hide before she comes in sight. I tried singing Heigh-Ho (to Bobo's great amusement) but got out of breath after a few minutes.

The day's catch consisted of two snakes and a crocodile. Whenever any body, even a small boy with a grasshopper, brings us a specimen, the whole village gathers round to see what he will get for it. One time this afternoon I counted seventeen people in our one-room house, all watching the transfer of a very small snake to our possession.

The baby crows are a delight to care for, as they eat anything at all with gratitude. Today they have had several rare tropical fish (which we caught this morning and which would be marvels in an aquarium at home), hard-boiled eggs, bananas, live frogs, palm beetle larvae, and rice. When we first got them they were unrecognizable, small, with blue pin feathers, and enormous beaks. Now they are quite definitely turning black, and showing a wide white band around the neck.

We received the promised letter from Col. Davis, in which he called our attention to "the impropriety of our behavior" and requested us either to send him our credentials or to report to his office in person. Letter filed unanswered.

I have been trying to learn a few words of the native language, but the mixture of Vai, Mende and Gola is too confusing. I think these words are Mende - anyway Fermetah understands some of them when I try them on her:

Yakonai - good morning
 Mbwaao - I must go
 Bakahui - Good-by
 Goa mui panda - God be with you
 Mbuaai - Good night

The Chief and the Mullah are evidently strict Moslems. From my chair I can watch them, five times a day, performing their ablutions before they go to pray; they sit on a small stool outside their hut and from a tea-kettle pour water over their hands and feet, wash their arm pits, head, nose and mouth.

are
 When we ask them what/the prospects of our making a good collection here, they piously respond that that is "God palaver," - the native way of saying "If God wills".

May 22 -

We have been keeping our animals in the house next door, but quarters there were crowded, and last night Bobo moved them to a larger house. It was certainly lucky that he did, for army ants got in during the night, and would have ruined our small collection. In the morning we saw the column, only a few yards from our house, and Bill tried the effect of Flit on them, having been told that it was not effective. It did, however, completely disrupt the column, and left many drivers dying in clusters.

We bought several nice peices of country cloth this morning, all of the native cotton spun and woven in this town. One piece was a handsome Chief's robe in white and two shades of blue.

We get interesting war bulletins here. We heard today that we war was finished, that America had entered the war, and that the King of England had fled to Freetown. Inasmuch as Freetown is only two days ' walk from here, that was exciting news indeed.

Flomo produced, tonight for dinner, as good palm butter chop as we have had in all Liberia. Although he made no pretensions to being a cook, he can make good coffee, country chop and open tin cans - which is all you want in the bush.

May 23 -

The day's collection was a sad one - a civet cat with a broken back, and a francolin with a broken leg. These people have no idea of how to catch animals or care for them.

The Chief and his young brother spent the evening with us, drinking beer and discussing political problems of Liberia. They dislike and mistrust the government, saying that although they pay a hut tax of eight shillings a year they get absolutely nothing for it. The natives are forced to work on the roads for nothing, and then the government claims to be too poor to build bridges, so that the roads are of no use for carrying produce down to the Coast. They say the officials are corrupt, and take government money to build fine bungalows for themselves and their sons. There is no government medical service through the country, apart from one doctor in Monrovia, and the child mortality is said to be as high as 80 %. Boima Quae told us a little about the Gola war, which he led, and said sadly that their knives and cutlasses were of little use when the government turned a machine gun on them.

May 24 -

The same young hunter who brought us the first deer turned up with another one today - a nice chevrotain. He is a soldier, carries himself very erect, is young and cheeky, and loves a swig of gin which he can drink straight without changing the expression on his face. He claims to have shot three bush cows in one day, bringing down ~~one~~ two with one cartridge.

I spent a large part of the day learning how to load the Cine-Special. In the course of the struggle (which was eventually successful) I ruined a good many feet of film, which Pay-Pay garnered to make himself a belt, and a strap for a stick which he carried over his shoulder like a gun. With a piece of termite nest for a khaki-colored head-dress he paraded up and down outside the house and had us all howling with mirth.

In the evening we heard a loud palaver going on outside the Chief's hut, and looked over to see a number of visiting chiefs and head men. The Chief's young brother had some Monrovia war bulletins the latest of which was May 12, and was reading them aloud and translating. His gestures as he strode up and down proclaiming Germany's invasion of Holland and Belgium were equal to anything one could see in Union Square. By the time we joined the group they were discussing the rice problem. It is hard to buy rice along the Coast

and these people, who produce it, told us that when rice was plentiful they were not paid enough for it, and now that it was scarce they were going to hold it for a good price, as they were always perfectly happy to keep it for themselves and their children, rather than carry it down on their heads and dispose of it for next to nothing.

We killed the francolin with the bad leg, and ate it in country chop tonight. It was good, but I never really enjoy eating a bird that I would so much rather have alive for the Zoo.

Pay-Pay is now sleeping with the animals to guard them against drivers. He caught a large rat in the house tonight, brought it in proudly to show us, and proceeded to dissect it with our table knife in order to feed it to the mongoose.

After all the trouble we have had with cameras in this climate, Bill's splendid tripod went out of commission today.

Bill spends his evenings regretting that he did not bring a couple of Halloween masks and some red and blue flares with him. He could put on an impressive show for these simple, superstitious souls. The best he has done to date has been the egg-laying trick, where he takes one egg after another out of his mouth.

May 25 -

The morning was devoted to insect collecting, and Bill got some Paussidae and scarabs that he was pleased with. The natives brought us one sick pigeon and two frogs.

All afternoon a heavy thunderstorm kept us indoors. The wind was so violent it blew a great deal of thatch from roofs, and our own ridge pole came down with a crash to the ground. However, the hut does not leak. In the evening it cleared, a full moon shone over the village, and in the romantic light the silhouettes of the huts, with the big cotton trees beyond, were most picturesque.

May 26 -

We dug up some more termite nests in the morning, but stayed home all afternoon because of rain and the necessity of packing up, as we are to leave tomorrow. Our animals for the day consisted of one small bird, one good-sized hornbill, and a third species of crocodile. We now have the Nile crocodile (*Niloticus*) the narrow-nosed (*Catafractus*) and the broad-nosed (*Osteolemis*).

May 27 -

We were up at six, but did not get off until nine, after the usual carrier palaver. This time it really was mostly our fault, as we had estimated that we would need eight additional porters, and when the loads were lined up there were fourteen extras. We left six loads with Bobo, and the Chief assured us that other carriers would soon arrive, and that we would have all our belongings by night. So starting all the animals ahead of us, and one box of food, we left Bendaja - with some regret, for we have really had a pleasant if not spectacularly successful stay here.

Bill and I walked the first two hours, over the rough and

hilly part of the trail, and as the sun got warmer and warmer we were glad to get into our rickshas and roll swiftly over the smooth parts of the road. We made good time, and reached Mombo at 1.30. The highlights of the trip down were seeing one huge male Colobus in a nearby tree, so close we could plainly see his white beard and long white tail. I had no idea they ever attained so great a size - he looked almost as big as a chimpanzee. A large Mona monkey walked calmly down the road ahead of us for a part of the journey. I made several snap shots of him, but don't know if I was really close enough to him.

None of our loads got in until three, when we were able to have a light lunch of boiled eggs and soda biscuits and pickles. The Varneys were hospitable as before, and gave us two beds and bedding, in case our own did not get in. Mrs. Varney cooked us a good country chop of chicken, greens and rice, and we went to bed about eight o'clock, somewhat worried about Bobo and the rest of our gear.

The Paramount Chief of Mombo is sick, but his brother came to call, and the town clerk who speaks good English. We asked them if we could get porters here tomorrow, as our Bendaja boys want to go back, and they assured us that we could have all we wanted.

May 28 -

We sent back the Bendaja boys, and waited all morning for Bobo. The Chief sent us two chickens and two buckets of rice, as return for the four heads of tobacco we had dashed him last night. We borrowed sugar, cups and spoons from Mrs. Varney, and had fruit and coffee. Two eggs which we bought last night and which I wanted for breakfast, were very bad indeed. A thunderstorm and a steady downpour of rain that lasted until noon did nothing to cheer us up.

Bobo came in about one o'clock, and we decided to spend the rest of the day here, as it would be too late to get into Cape Mount tonight.

May 29 - Up early, and with practically no carrier palaver we were on the road by eight-thirty. True to his promise the Chief had provided even one more man than we needed - an unheard-of thing.

The ricksha boys made good time, and we reached Dia at a quarter to eleven, to be informed that there was no canoe available to take us down to Medina. We had to wait an hour while a small canoe went down to bring back a "big one". When it arrived it was not perceptibly larger than the first one, and I held my breath all the way down the stream, expecting the ~~xxxx~~ peanut-shell craft to capsize us at any moment, and dump us in among the well-known crocodiles. Robert had waited for us with the launch (we had been afraid we might have to walk with the caravan to Sawilo), and by two o'clock we were having cold drinks and sandwiches with Mr. Paul.

The loads did not get in until nearly six o'clock, and we found the trip had been a hard one for the animals. The smallest crow, my baby monkey, and one deer were dead - the deer through the criminal carelessness of one of the Mombo porters, who had thrown the cage down to the ground so hard that the animal was killed.

May 30 -

A letter was waiting for us yesterday when we got in, asking Bill to call on Superintendent Davis as soon as possible. This we did, and found him to be an affable Kansas City negro, with Philippine service in the background. He told us that there had been great excitement over our association with the Germans on the Bendaja; that one alarmist in Cape Mount had written to the President about it, and the President had asked Davis what was up. Davis said he investigated thoroughly and had sent another and correct report to the President, and he felt sure that everything was straightened out now. Then he handed us a letter from Wharton, our Charge d'Affaires in Monrovia, in which we were requested to return to Monrovia at once because of certain matters which had been brought to his attention officially by the Liberian Government. We were upset over this, as it sounded as though Monrovia was taking these wild stories seriously.

From the various Cape Mount residents we learned that we had actually been accused of heading a German expeditionary force into the hinterland and towards the English border; that we were armed with eight high-powered rifles; that Bill, suspiciously enough, spoke German! Evidently the requested spies had been on the job, for Davis knew all about our trip, even to the fact that we had been digging something or other out of bug-a-bug nests.

We called on Miss McKenzie in the course of the day, and had palm butter chop with the Germans at Paul's in the evening.

May 31 -

Bill gave a talk on ants to the school children this morning. At the end he asked if there were any questions, and there were a surprising number, most of them very intelligent questions, showing that the boys and girls were interested in insects and observed them accurately. The school is a fine institution, with dormitories, class rooms, a big dining hall, a chapel, assembly room, and good library.

We had lunch with Miss McKenzie, and just after lunch noticed that our fishing boat had come in, although we had not expected it until tomorrow.

We spent most of the afternoon waiting for news of when we should sail. Miss Jolly came by looking for the Bishop; she understood he had capsized coming ashore, but nobody knew which way he had gone after he landed on the beach. It was five o'clock before Captain Rosen and Dr. Kahl came over and began to make plans for tomorrow. We have to leave Cape Mount in time to make the tide at Monrovia, otherwise it will be impossible to cross the bar there. After endless discussion it was decided to leave in the morning, and I set to in frantic haste to get packed. I had to go down the hill to Paul's to ask for two surf boats, and up to Miss McKenzie to ask for her school boys as carriers. Then we went down to the Huygens' for dinner, and that meant climbing up the mountain again to get home.

June 1 -

Up at five, and everything out of the house by six-thirty. We swallowed a cup of coffee without even sitting down, and got down to the beach at seven, to find that the boatmen had struck and refused to take us out across the bar to the fishing boat unless they got double pay - why I don't know unless that it was raining. We dashed over to Mr. Huygens, and he succeeded in getting a boat for us, but it meant an hour's delay.

The bar was a little worse than I had seen it before, but we got through the breakers without even being splashed. But the sea had a heavy swell, and our little cockle shell of a fishing boat rocked so violently that all we could do all day long was sit in one place and hang on for dear life to the nearest ropes. We were in constant fear for being thrown overboard, ~~and~~ as the Helene rolled over and touched one gunwale to the water and then the other. Food for ourselves or the animals was out of the question, and we were certainly glad when we got in that we could still get across the bar, and dock safely.

Bishop Kroll had come down with us and been a delightful companion all day. We looked for the truck that was to take our animals and baggage out to the plantation, but although there was a sedan for us, there was no transportation for the animals. Bill felt that we had to stay in town long enough to see Mr. Wharton, so we put the animals in the warehouse, with our three boys left to guard them. The Bishop insisted that we spend the night with him, so after having William drive us to the Legation (Mr. Wharton was out) we went to the Bishop's house and then sent the sedan back to the plantation with a message to send a truck the following day.

Mrs. Kroll is a charming woman, and made us feel at home immediately, although we both looked and felt like tramps, and after four weeks in the bush we had no clean clothes left. We had just finished dinner when Mr. Wharton came in, and asked for a private talk with Bill. We had worried a lot about his letter, and were a little relieved to learn that it was still the German spy story. It sounds so silly, but the Government is so alarmed by it that our permit may be revoked, and we shall be practically under supervision, unless the President accepts our version of it, and lets it pass. The reason they are so upset is that they fear the English in Sierra Leone might hear of it, and even granting that the tale is ridiculous and false they might make it an excuse for marching in and taking over Liberia! Wharton asked us not to spread the story ourselves; it is bound to get out of course in a community as small as this, but he thinks it would be better if it came from some other source than ourselves. I don't, because we are the only ones who know the truth. One unfortunate by-product of our escapade was that George had been cabling to Wharton about Tate, who is stranded in Cape Palmas; Mr. Wharton went to the Secretary of State to see what could be done for him, and just at that time our adventures were under discussion, and the matter of giving another American scientist permission to travel in the interior was tossed out of the window.

June 2 - This being Sunday I borrowed the Bishop's car to go to Mass - to Bill's great amusement - but the Bishop understood, and said one of his sons had married a Catholic.

We went down to the ~~rice shed~~ warehouse and found our animals were safely loaded on a big truck, so we headed out to the plantation, reaching Vi's in time for one of his country chop Sunday lunches. There were ten at lunch, and although nobody remembered the wording exactly, it seems that a radio was received about our first shipment detailing an appalling number of losses - the pigmy hippo, the baby leopards, and the giant pangolin. The report is that both Warren Buck and Philip Carroll were on board - the latter with 500 monkeys and 50 chimps - so it is possible that Roy had a bad time - he certainly had hard luck. We also were told that Norris got another hippo, but it died on the way in from Kakata.

Little Bernice went to Cape Palmas with George, and they have no idea now when they will be able to get back, as no one knows what the Dutch ships will do. Big Bernice has been in the hospital twice, and is still feeling pretty miserable.

June 3 -

Spent the morning unpacking, writing letters and typing notes. The unpacking was discouraging - everything that we left here is covered with mildew - dresses, shoes and leather bags are simply green with the stuff. The rainy season seems to have begun in earnest, and the climate is worse than ever - even though it is cooler.

A fine hippo came in yesterday, bigger and better than the one we had before. Also a nice young ratel.

June 5 -

In our rattletrap old Ford, we went into Monrovia this afternoon and did a lot of errands, paying up bills, and calling on the American Charge d'Affaires. We had prepared for his files a careful record of our Cape Mount trip. In the evening we went to the Mamba Point House, the Number One establishment of the Firestone Company, occupied by George and Nina Blowers. It is a beautiful place, well outside of town, and overlooking the sea. We had dinner with them and spent the night.

June 6 -

The Bishop sent his launch, in charge of Captain Seddon, down to the Government wharf this morning, and in about an hour we were at Bromley, on the St. Paul River. This is another of the Episcopal Missions here; was originally a school for Liberian girls, under government supervision until the Mission took it over. It is still a girls' school, and the majority of the pupils (there are about eighty all together) are Liberians, as contrasted with bush girls.

The Bishop and his wife have an attractive small house and a guest house. These are built of mud, with plenty of matting in the midst of the mud to hold it together, and then covered with a thin layer of cement. Both houses are principally verandah, with bedroom and bath opening off. Our little guest house contained also a small oratory. These are fine tropical houses, suiting the environment, cool with many arched windows and doors, and should last a long time. The floors are cement, and curtains, bedspreads and cushions are of country cloth.

We went for a walk in the morning, and picked out a good stream to do some fish collecting, but it rained all afternoon, so we rested, and visited with the Krolls, and went to chapel at 6 o'clock. The girls filed in, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, little four-year-old Virginia Mary leading the procession. Captain Seddon conducted the services. The girls sing well; although their voices are shrill, the harmony is good, and there is plenty of volume.

June 7 -

We spent all morning down by a little creek that was typical African jungle. Here we put in half a bucket full of derris root, and Bobo and Flomo waded up and down the stream until noon. When Bill counted up his collection he found he had 196 fish, of about twenty-five different species, including Polypterus which he has been most anxious to get.

Much of the afternoon was spent in photographing. At four we had tea with Miss McCrea, the principal of the school, who is an American colored girl, very light-skinned and rather Chinese in appearance. While at the school we stopped to see the girls file into the dining room for supper. Supper consisted of large bowls of boiled cassava and palm butter. ~~xxxxxxgirlxxxxxxherxxxxxx~~ The girls sang a very pretty grace-before-meals, with every outward aspect of great devotion - except for one ten-year-old who closed one eye in prayer and rolled the other in our direction.

At eight we went back to the school to watch them dancing. Friday night is their big "play" night, and they certainly let themselves go. It was hard to believe these were the same little saints who had been singing their prayers three hours earlier. Of course the effect was dimmed by the fact that they all wore their faded blue school uniforms, but such shimmying, such throwing out of hips and stomachs, such gyrations and hand-clapping and chanting, we had not seen even among the Grigri Bush girls. Four girls sat on a table and banged out the rhythm on an empty whisky case. At the end of the allotted hour the girls were gasping for breath and dripping with perspiration, but they had all had a marvelous time. They may be Coast girls, but they know the country songs and dances.

June 8 -

The morning was divided between photography and entomology. On Saturdays the girls do their week's laundry, and wash their hair. The older girls help the little ones, and it was interesting to see them scrubbing their short black wool and doing it up in the tight little pigtails that last for a week - until next Saturday's shampoo.

With four laborers to do the digging, Bill dissected another termite nest, and the young teachers from the school, as well as the Bishop and Capt. Seddon, watched with great interest.

Shortly after lunch we took the launch back to Monrovia, stopped for tea at the Blowers, and then came out to the plantation.

June 9 -

We had country chop at the Wilsons at noon, then came home and slept and read until bed time.

June 14 -

This has been a week of hippos. When we returned from Cape Mount we were told the story of the hippo that Paramount Chief Barclay of Dobli's Island had sent in. It reached Kakata in an exhausted condition, and was kept there a week before Norris was notified. He and Si then went out to get it, and found it badly lacerated, with broken toes, and probably half-starved. They brought it in to the rice shed and worked over it all night, but it died the next morning. When we came back from Bromley Ralph was not here, and we were told he had gone out after another hippo. On Monday he got in, completely worn out, having walked most of Sunday to get to the place where the hippo was, and then staying there over night, sleeping on a mat and rolled up in country cloth. A native parson, the Reverend Logan, had caught this hippo, a young one and in good shape, and Ralph got it in to the rice shed on Monday. Bill paid the Reverend twenty pounds for it, and the little man has been buying himself new clothes ever since. Bill has seen him around the plantation wearing elegant outfits, including rubber boots.

News came a few days ago that Barclay had another hippo at Dobli's Island, and ~~that this man was~~ Norris sent his trusty assistant, Momo, to bring it in. The truck was sent to the end of the road on the day the hippo was expected, but only Momo was there, to report that the animal was so heavy the boys had struck on carrying it, and relays must be sent up from here. That meant another delay, and further expense in sending the truck again. However, twenty-five boys left here on Tuesday noon. We were in the rice shed Wednesday morning, and Ralph was busily building a big crate for the hippo, and had figured it all out that the truck would be back with its cargo about five o'clock. It poured rain all afternoon, and we were sure that no delivery was ever made on time here anyway, and so did not go over to meet the promised pygmy. However, when our boys got to the end of the road they only had to walk half an hour, instead of four hours as expected, when they met the Chief's carriers. They had gone back to Dobli's Island and Barclay had sent them back again. The hippo, a big female, weighed seven hundred pounds crated! The crate, which was made of bamboo with heavy planks to reinforce it, and padded with rice bags, weighed about three hundred pounds by itself - quite a load to be carried by sweating natives over bad trails. They had apparently taken good care of this beast, feeding it all the way and setting it down from time to time in streams so the animal could drink and keep moist. Now we have two hippos, the small male and the big female, and are full of hopes for getting at least one of them safely home. Ralph has cheered up immensely; homesick as he has been, the care of two hippos has been a lifesaver for him. Why he has such a passion for the ugly slippery beasts is more than I can understand.

The war news continues to grow worse and worse. Today the Germans entered Paris. We keep wishing Roosevelt would stop promising aid to the Allies until we get safely home.

June 15 - We went into Monrovia in the morning, had lunch with the Blowers, and called on Wharton, the Bishop, and all the stores where we still owed money. Wharton showed us the correspondence in regard to our Cape Mount adventures. The Government has exonerated us to the extent that we are to be allowed to keep our permit to travel and even to go to the Polish Plantation.

The ride into Monrovia is no longer any pleasure. The rains have washed the roads until they are like washboards. Streams of water run down the hills and big puddles lie at the foot of each hill. Sometimes we splashed the mud so high that it went over the top of the car and ran down the windows, reminding us of the night on the West Kebar when waves broke over the bridge deck.

June 16 -

Bishop Collins said Mass this morning at the new Club House, with Father Coleman assisting. After Mass Mrs. Hagerty was confirmed, and Mrs. Campbell and I were her sponsors. Then we adjourned to the Hagertys' house for breakfast, and had a pleasant time. The Bishop who is the most Irish of all the Mission priests, told some stories, and they were all interested in our bush trips and kept asking me questions about our travels - they had all read my story in this week's Planter's Punch, which was flattering.

June 19 -

This has been a tense week, with everyone sitting over the radio to get the latest news from Europe and the States. So far the peace plans have not been announced. The Niagara hit a mine off the Australian coast today. American ships are said to be running arms to Lisbon and flyin planes to England. The Barber boats are all mixed up in their schedules, and we can't find out where the three are that are down the Coast now, or when our ship is due. The Cathlamet is said to have been delayed five days in Lagos by stormy weather. The Zarembo came in from the States one day this week, and one of the surf boats capsized crossing the bar with passengers.

The more we hear about ships at sea right now the more we wish there were some way of getting home without them. We have never been so anxious to be in Washington. Everybody here is speculating as to what will become of Liberia if Germany takes over the West Coast, as has been hinted.

Although we cannot get the West Irmo's schedule, we got the passenger list today. Besides the three of us, the list consists of six missionaries, one of whom is white!

And Vi hints that he is sure to be poisoned some day on account of his ruthlessness in dealing with thieves. It sort of spoils one's appetite at his table - although we had the most delicious sole tonight that I have ever eaten. The Godleys, Petersons and Hines were here for dinner.

One mandrill was added to the collection today.

June 21 -

Up early, and off on our last bush trip - this time headed for the Polish Plantation.

We left our house about half-past seven, with a big Diamond-T truck ahead of us carrying forty boys and our gear, and Chancellor's pick-up carrying more gear and our personal boys. The truck drove so slowly that we dawdled along the way ourselves, stopping at Woerman's No. 8, Watson's house in Kakata, Henry Cooper's house near Salala, and did not reach Salala until almost noon. There we found Commissioner Watson, who grudgingly gave us a pass, made out to Chancellor, not to us, for three days only at the plantation. Watson had one of his men bring a big monkey-eating eagle, and offered to sell it, but we did not want to buy it on the way up-country and said we would see about it when we returned.

Salala was swarming with people, for this is the last day of a week's conclave of district chiefs. Messengers kept coming up to the Commissioner while we were talking to him, and we heard one soldier say "But he killed the woman." W. explained that a man had been arrested and thrown into jail for attempting to murder his wife; whereupon he escaped from jail, went back and finished the job, and then vanished into the bush.

From Salala we set out on foot, but it was noon and the sun was hot, and we did most of the trip in hammocks. Just before reaching Reputa we stopped on a shady bank by the river to eat our lunch. While we ate I was nervously eying the bridge over the river; it was high, and the stream broad, and it looked as though it would be unusually difficult for me who hate these native bridges. Our carriers went over, stepping gingerly from pole to pole, but some of them after starting would turn around and wade the river instead. We watched our movie camera equipment carried across, with the boy sweating under the heavy load. Another boy was in the middle of the bridge, when suddenly a whole section of it, perhaps thirty feet, gave way with a crash, and fell in a jumble of rotten logs fifteen feet into the water. When we got our breath, we called out to the boy to ask if he were still alive. He picked himself up, rescued his load, put it on his head, and scrambled over the debris safely to shore. It was not even one of our boys. With more than forty of our own natives, it was a complete stranger who had the mishap. Our hammocks had to come back to our side of the river, and carry us across, wading waist-deep through the water.

From Reputa it is a forty-five minute walk to the Plantation. We had been told that there was a caretaker there with keys, but it took three hours to find him, while we sat on the verandah surrounded by our baggage, and admired the encircling, jungle-covered hills.

This plantation was started about eight years ago, subsidized by Poland, presumably with the idea of settling a Polish colony here. The men they sent out were not agriculturally minded, and although they planted a good many acres they knew little or nothing about the cocoa-raising which they were supposed to be doing. When Germany invaded Poland they abandoned the farm as quickly as they could get transportation back to Europe, and it has been deserted ever since.

The house is a pleasant one, of mud covered with cement, with cement floors, and a zinc roof. There is a very large living room and two bedrooms. The kitchen is a separate building - a little mud hut, - and there is a pleasant little wash house of matting and thatch, with a toilet and a shower - the shower bucket was still hanging from a cord. The last man who left the place got a sudden chance at a passage home, and did not stop to pack up more than his personal belongings. Consequently we were always coming across some strange item that had been left behind in this deserted ~~xxxxxxx~~ farm house. The furniture consisted of several tables, big comfortable chairs, wardrobes, two desks, and a cot, but in cupboards and on desks were such remnants as two half-empty bottles of Maggi and one of Worcestershire, a well-crystallized radio storage battery, a bunch of porcupine quills, various chemicals used in photographic developing and printing, three boxes of anti-venin, a meat grinder, coffee mill, two filters, large framed photographs of Pilsudski and the President of Poland, a jar of Dutch mustard, an onyx cup with shot, an alarm clock, a stack of phonograph records, and, most pitiful of all, a strip of fly-paper with last year's flies still clinging to it.

Charlie the cook had a hot supper for us as soon as we got into the house and settled; Flomo put up our cots; we bathed under the shower bucket, and Matilda, Bill and I went early to bed. Louis however, went out immediately after dinner to hunt. Although we were asleep when he came in, we learned later that he had shot a red deer (harnessed antelope) less than half an hour's walk from the house.

June 22 -

We ate, with considerable relish, deer liver, bacon and onions for breakfast, and then set out on a trail across the plantation which David, the caretaker, said led to a small stream. It was about an hours walk, but it was a nice creek to fish, so Bobo and Flomo put in the Derris root, set up the net, and waded up and down for about three hours catching the fish. When we got back to the house and Bill put the specimens in alcohol he found he had 400.

Natives brought us one sooty mangaby, one turtle and a baby porcupine today.

We continued to live on venison, having it stewed for lunch and roast for dinner. We were also able to buy a bowlful of fresh green okra, and all the pineapples we wanted, and three chickens - so I think we will live well here.

June 23 -

Louis had promised to take me on a real bush trip, so he and I started out immediately after breakfast, crossed the plantation to the Banga trail, and eventually turned off of that onto a bush trail. It was the first time I had covered any real distance in the bush, and I was pleased to find that I could follow Louis and the hunters all morning, bending low where the forest was densest, clambering up hills over mossy stones, crossing little jungle streams on stepping stones. We saw both monkeys and deer, but not at close enough range to shoot. We got back to the house at lunch time, and found that the boys had cut a fine trail direct from the house into the nearest bush. They had actually cleared nearly two miles of fairly broad road, and

"Before" was boy stayed.
in charge of chickens
out in bush all day, couldn't
find chickens - Bill asks
"Why don't we have chicken
for dinner?" I reply "We
can't. Before isn't back."

even built little bridges with hand-rails over creeks and swamps.

It rained all afternoon, but Chancellor went out again at 2.30 and stayed until nearly nine at night, reporting on his return that he had been all afternoon on bongo tracks.

June 24 -

Bill and I followed the new trail (he calls it Chancellor Boulevard), and collected insects all morning. Bill was delighted at finding horn flies and another species of Paussid. Again we had rain all afternoon and all night.

June 25 -

Bill, Louis and I took a ten-mile hike today, climbing steadily up the beautiful Banga trail, which is through "high bush" all the way. We came to an idyllic mountain stream, and sat down there for two or three hours while Bobo and Flomo fished. The stream is known as the Kwini River, and the nearest town is Nellya. Bill was pleased at getting four new species (new to our collection, I mean) of catfish as well as new types of Fundulus. We ate bananas and chocolate bars and drank the cool water from a reddish-barked water vine, and had a thoroughly satisfactory day, returning about three o'clock to find that Charlie had roasted the francolin (shot last night by our Nimrod) to perfection.

In the afternoon a small troupe of Snake Dancers turned up, one man and two tiny girls about six and seven years old. They were all naked except for loin cloths. The girls wore a turban of country cloth, a string of beads around their waist, silver anklets and bead bracelets, and had their faces painted into a weird pattern with red and white clay. The man wore heavy anklets of bells which jangled as he danced. He set up a small plate of "medicine" on a stick, and consulted it at frequent intervals. The dance was the acrobatic one that we had heard so much about, and we enjoyed it, for the small girls were marvelously supple, and he threw them around as callously as some of our adagio dancers do at home. A native orchestra of four drums added to the gaiety of the afternoon. Our only worry was that the sky was overcast, and we are doubtful about the clarity of the photographs we took of the performance.

June 26 -

We left the plantation at quarter to nine, and it being a fairly good trail and all of us in good training by now, walked most of the way to ~~Re~~ Salala. No truck was waiting, but Chancellor's pick-up was still there, so we got into that and started along the road, meeting Philip and the sedan before we had gone more than a few miles.

We stopped at Henry Cooper's again, and he gave us the radio news of the past week, telling us of France's complete surrender to Germany and Italy. No mention yet of colonies, and we continue to wonder whether or not we are going to Dakar as scheduled, and just what the Senegalese status will be by the time we reach there.

We ate cold chicken and biscuits and pickles, and drank the first cold beer we had had in six days, at the Cavalla Trading Co. in Kakata, and reached the plantation about four in the afternoon.

We had only been in the house a few minutes when Dr. Tate of the American Museum turned up. He has been marooned for six months in Cape Palmas, and only got to Monriva now because Firestone insisted on the Barber Line rescuing George Seybold and the other planters there, and they all came up together on the Cathlamet. Tate has had even a harder time than we have had in regard to permits, and is still trying to get the government's consent to his shooting two chimpanzees.

June 27 -

Spent the morning at the rice shed, and were glad to find both hippos still flourishing, and two wild hogs added to the collection.

June 28 -

The Seybolds and the Campbells were here for dinner, and we had a most pleasant evening. Much of the time was spent discussing Wendell Willkie, who was nominated last night by the Republican Convention. Consensus of opinion: he can't beat Roosevelt, if F.D.R. runs for a third term.

July 4 -

The days drag by, waiting for news of our steamer. We hear that it is having difficulty loading down the Coast on account of bad weather. Much of its cargo is lumber, and when the surf is high it is impossible to get the big logs out from shore to the ship. Sometimes it takes two surf boats to tow one big log, and if a wave catches it and tosses it onto the boatmen serious injury or even death results.

Bill is getting more bored and more restless every day. Life on the plantation is comfortable, but there is nothing to do. The everlasting rubber surrounds us for miles on every side; continual rain keeps us from doing even what entomology and herpetology might be done here; the rice shed is too far away to be visited more than once a day. I enjoy the inactivity as little as he does, and spend most of my time playing solitaire, reading Sherlock Holmes and swimming once a day in the nice little pool in our back yard.

Today was one Fourth of July I shall never forget. It began with having Mr. and Mrs. Pallant here for breakfast. Mrs. Pallant an Englishwoman, is about to have a child, and because of severe pelvic injuries suffered in an automobile accident is unable to have it normally. Dr. Campbell and Dr. Fusek, the two leading doctors here, both refuse ~~xxxxxxx~~ to perform the Caesarian that will be necessary, and want her to go to England or the States. She has tried to get into the hospital at Freetown, but they have turned her down also. She is frightened to go to England with the war news what it is, and invasion threatened at any moment, and dreads taking a long sea trip to a country where she has no friends or relatives. She decided last night to take the Barber boat to Freetown today and see if a personal appeal to the hospital there would not have better results than the letter she sent previously; then we talked her into agreeing to go to the States, preferably to Johns Hopkins.

However, she is unable now to get a passage to the States; the Barber boats say they are booked solid up until next February. What the poor woman is going to do I cannot imagine. Africa can be pretty tough for the women folk.

In the afternoon we drove into Monrovia to attend the reception at the American Legation. Our Charge d'Affaires, Clifford R. Wharton, is a pretty smooth diplomat, and makes a good impression. He has a little colored blood but could pass as a south European anywhere - tall, well-built, pleasant, and always smiling and well dressed. He greeted his guests at the head of the stairs and when everyone was there proposed the health of the President of the United States - which we drank in whisky-soda, champagne being "out" - that common complaint in regard to anything you want at the moment in Liberia. Most of the guests were colored. In the morning he had held a reception for Liberian officials and the diplomatic corps; this was for miscellaneous whites (chiefly from the plantation) and for minor government officials and clerks in Monrovia. They were all dressed up in their best, and as Bill said, it might have been a scene in Southwest Washington or in Harlem, with the loudest pin stripes and brightest polka-dot ties obtainable.

In the evening we went to the Club for a Sonia Henie movie, a patriotic speech by George Seybold advocating that America join the war to help England (none of the German employes were present), dancing, a beer-drinking contest, buffet supper, and further conferences on what Mrs. Pallant ought to do now. Mrs. Pallant is considerably cheered up by the war news, this being the day that the British navy demolished part of the French fleet and captured the rest.

We heard rumors yesterday that Flomo, our pet steward boy, who has been so good natured and so willing to turn his hand to all sorts of work that we were afraid he couldn't last, was finally in trouble. Today while we were at lunch a bearded and uniformed member of the Frontier Force walked into the dining room and presented Bill with the summons for Flomo to appear in court. He has, in the local vernacular, been "humbugging" Garway's wife, Garway being Vi's washman. Vi asked him if it was true, and he giggled and admitted it. Garway claims his wife is a "dowry woman", which of course makes it a greater offense than if she had not been bought and paid for. Flomo went off to court, and we expected that he would be put in jail until we relented and paid his fine but he got the case postponed until Saturday.

July 8 -

Today we learned that little Miss True from Cape Mount, who was to have sailed with us on the West Irmo, is dead of fever in Monrovia and to be buried in Bromley. It is a great shock, for we were genuinely fond of her and had looked forward to having her as a companion on the homeward voyage. Now as far as we know there are only the colored missionaries.

George changed the plantation time on July 5th to Greenwich Mean Time - a sort of daylight saving arrangement, though everyone says he did it so that he could get the English broadcasts without having to calculate the 45 minutes' difference. They had quite a time explaining it to the labor force; "To-morrow," the bosses said, "it will be darker when you come to work." "Why it be more dark tomorrow?" "Because we change the sun."

Yesterday Vi had a crowd in for country chop, as usual on Sunday. Just as we sat down to table, the sound of children crying came up to us. Vi was furious. He called Cooper and said "Get those children away from here," and to us he added, "They're trying to take advantage of me because I have company today. I've told them I don't care how many women they keep out in back, but I won't have the children around - they make too much noise." Cooper went out and came back, his black face screwed up tight in his usual expression of being about to burst. "Boss," he said, "no be pickin - be goat." And sure enough, they were the goats that Vi had commissioned Bobo to buy; Bobo had left them loose in the yard.

July 10 -

Day after day drags by while we wait for news of the West Irmo. Today they assure us it will be in on the 13th - Saturday - and we had better go down to Monrovia Friday night in case it is to sail at daybreak. There is no cargo except our animals, and the ship is not stopping at Marshall. Bill continues to worry about the feasibility of loading hippopotami in surf boats.

Tate at any rate is hopeful: he had lunch today with Wharton, who says he has verbal assurance that the permits will be forthcoming.

This afternoon Mr. Pallant arranged a stilt dance for us in his labor village. We had to wait around until it was almost too dark to take photographs, but eventually the dancer appeared, being carried down the village street and sat on the roof of a house to get his long legs in place. He was a good acrobat, and made a weird effect with stilts about six feet long, tight white trousers, a grass skirt, and his head covered with a black mask of cloth. Bill got a laugh at the end when he jumped on a boy's shoulders and was carried pickaback down the street and held up in the air to give the dancer his dash.

July 12 -

We spent the day by the telephone waiting for news of the West Irmo. At four o'clock we abandoned the idea of going into Monrovia tonight, as the ship was not yet heard from. About five

the word came : "Late Sunday afternoon." We dispatched another note to Mrs. Blowers, who was expecting us in tonight to stay with them at the Mamba Point House.

Dr. Tengwall who was in charge of getting us greens, bananas, cassava, and other provisions, got them all ready this afternoon and packed them in his truck. However, he says they will keep all right until Sunday.

July 13 -

We awoke to find it pouring rain, and decided to sleep a while. We were dragged out of bed by a telephone call from Ralph reporting that the animals were all in trucks headed for the water-side, from which they would be shipped to Marshall. The possibility of the ship's stopping at Marshall cheered us considerably, and all day we got contradictory reports, "Would she - wouldn't she - and when?" By evening there was still no news, but we felt that the end of our waiting must be near, and decided to go into Monrovia tomorrow and wait there. Bill is by now so jittery that he is having chills and refusing to eat anything more substantial than a few mouthfuls of bouillon twice a day. We asked Smitty and the Chancellors in for dinner, and that bucked him up a bit.

Bobo showed up to say good-bye, but he was so groggy with fever that we sent him back to the hospital. Flomo was caught stealing crisco to eat with his rice, and Vi ordered Johnny to kick him down the back stairs.

July 14 -

Smitty said last night that he would give us a ring before the truck came over for our baggage; however, we were scarcely dressed and had not had breakfast when the truck drew up to the front door. The big trunks were carried out while I packed the few last minute things, and all our belongings were gone by eight o'clock. At nine-thirty I went to Mass at the Club, and said good-bye regretfully to Father Coleman - he is a saint and a scholar and a pretty swell person.

We had an early lunch, stopped to say good-bye to the Seybolds and to Bernice in the hospital, and to the Campbells, and arrived at the Blowers' at two o'clock. The West Irmo not yet in. All the animals and food supplies are stored in the Customs warehouse for over night, and Ralph has had a chance to feed them this afternoon.

July 15 -

I woke up at five thirty, just before daylight, and from my bed I could look down and see a ship, brilliantly lighted, just off shore. After that sleep was out of the question, and we breakfasted about six-thirty. At eight o'clock we started down to the wharf, and found that the animals had already gone out, and that as soon as the Captain came back from the Legation with his clearance papers we would go out ourselves. All our gear was packed into one surf boat - it is amazing how much those boats can hold, and we disposed ourselves to wait, with Bill remembering

from time to time various errands he wanted to do in town and dashing off or sending a boy.

We spent the whole morning on the miserable little wharf, just waiting. Bernice, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Godley and Mrs. Tandy showed up about nine thirty to our great surprise; they had the Firestone mail, which had been forgotten, and only discovered by George on his desk this morning. The Kru boys, who have been working on board the West Irmo since it stopped here six weeks ago, came ashore with their boxes and baskets of stuff they had bought down the coast, and with a Jocko monkey, which Bill bought for four shillings. Half an hour later another native came to us and said, "Did you buy that monkey?" "Yes," says Bill. "But it's my monkey," he said, "that other boy have no right to sell it to you. I paid five shillings for it down the Coast." "That's not my fault," said Bill, but he got the four shillings back from the first native and told the real owner what he had paid for the monkey. To our surprise he accepted the price without quibble and the monkey belonged to us without further incident.

It was nearly noon before the Captain showed up and we got into our surf boat. The bar was not too scary, although there were a few big waves where it seemed as though the nose of our boat would go straight down into the sand. The ocean was rough, with a heavy swell raising and lowering us as we slowly rowed out the two or three miles that we had to go. But the worst part was when we tried to tie up alongside the gangway. Our small boat rose with the waves until we could almost jump on deck, then dropped sickeningly as the swell passed. A sailor stood on the bottom step of the ladder to help us on, and every few moments he would grab a chain overhead and swing his legs up out of the way of the water that broke about half way up the ladder. Coward that I am I yelled for a mammy chair, but was told there was none on board. There was nothing to do but stand up on the gunwhale of our boat and wait until the water lifted us to a level with the steps. One of the mates came down to give us a hand, and with the two men on the ~~ladder~~ ladder to help me, and two on the surf boat to push me off, I finally leaped across and staggered up more terrified than I have ever been in my life. Once on the ladder the scary part was only begun: every time the surf boat below crashed into it, it swung and crashed into the steel side of the ship. When I finally got on deck I was trembling all over, and my mouth was so dry I couldn't even laugh about how frightened I had been. There was an excellent opportunity for breaking a leg on the way up, and after waiting this long for passage home I didn't want any more delays. We are really over a month late, as the first news of the ship was to the effect that she would leave Monrovia between the 10th and 15th of June.

We found the West Irmo loaded so heavily with mahogany that it was low in the water. Great logs of 6, 7 or even 9 tons are lashed on deck with heavy chains to keep them from washing away.

A few minutes after we got on, the West Irmo got under way. We went in to lunch, and presently heard the whistles blowing frantic blasts, and realized that our engines were slowing down and stopping. We went out to see what the matter was, and found a young stowaway, a colored lad now handcuffed to the rail, who

had been discovered hiding among some bags of cocoa in the hold. The surf boat had got not quite to the bar when the men heard the whistles blowing for them to come back; Smitty was annoyed, as were the others who had come out to see friends off, for this additional delay meant that they would not get back to shore, and to lunch, until three or later.

The West Irmo is so much like the Kebar that it is easy to feel at home. Our cabin is small, but we are able to squeeze all our belongings in and stow them away. The water is filthy, however; the merest trickle of mud runs into our wash basin. The dinner was almost inedible - a beef stew that tasted stale. There are no fresh vegetables on board except potatoes and onions; no cigarettes or matches, and only what meat could be picked up down the Coast.

Our fellow travelers are two negro missionaries, a young colored boy, and a young colored man who is son of the Liberian Consul in New York, and who is said to be a well educated civil engineer, a reader of good literature, and a hot number at the Cotton Club - Jo Walker by name. The other white passengers are a Mr. Havey, an American gold miner who has been working in the the Gold Coast for eighteen months, and Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch of the United Africa Co. of Monrovia, a pair of attractive and witty Scots.

Nobody's spirits were helped any by the table steward being drunk at dinner time, and unable to serve the meal.

July 19 -

When we awoke this morning ~~Dakar was~~ we were in the harbor of Dakar, one of a number of ships anchored in the roadstead. The city curved around us, looking golden and tropical, with its big government buildings and church spires gleaming in the early morning light. It was nine o'clock before the naval authorities came aboard, and gave us permission to approach the town. Then we had to wait for the pilot to guide us through the mine-fields and take us in by the narrow gate in the heavy ~~iron~~ net spread across from breakwater to breakwater. We docked as before near the coal pile, but the wind was still, and no ship was coaling, so we were not bothered with coal dust as we were on the voyage out. In fact, as soon as we had been told, what we already expected, that no visitors were allowed ashore, I decided to wash my hair while the ship was stationary and there was plenty of sun to dry it.

The principal landmark of the harbor is the great bulk of the battleship Richelieu, whose gun turrets can be seen from way out in the harbor, sticking up like skyscrapers against the background of the town. We had heard two or three weeks ago that the British had sunk the Richelieu, and were surprised to see it anchored here apparently undamaged. Big buoys floated around her, marking the line of the steel net that was drawn close to her bow. When we anchored almost next to her, however, we could see the repair crew at work, and could plainly make out the big black patches on her hull as well as the places where fresh red paint had covered some of the damage done. A number of the sailors were still on board, and we heard bugles blowing, and even announcements over the loud speaker, from time to time during the day.

Little by little, all during the day, we picked up such information as we could, from the agent, the ship's chandler, and from our two new passengers. The attack on the Richelieu had taken place at dawn, when a small number of British sailors had come in over the net in a launch and sent a torpedo into the propeller. A British plane had flown overhead and dropped a bomb or two, managing very neatly to put the huge battleship out of commission without the loss of a man. French anti-aircraft guns had gone into action, but they had come nearer to killing their own nationals than inflicting any damage on the elusive English. With the fall of France Dakar surrendered to a violent attack of nerves; they no longer knew to whom they belonged or to which side they owed loyalty. The French Admiral, arriving by plane, to settle the problem of what to do with all the French sailors on the now helpless French cruisers, was actually fired on by a French gun and narrowly escaped with his life.

Great Britain's edict forbidding British ships to come within thirty miles of any French port, has created a veritable blockade of Dakar, and they are rapidly running out of supplies. They have now no butter, milk, bread, cigarettes, brandy, matches, and are running low on meat and vegetables. The ship's chandler who came aboard as soon as we docked, showed us his list, with item after item crossed out. However he promised to secure for us 20 melons, 4 bunches of bananas, 20 pounds of beef, 20 chickens, 15 pounds of cabbage, 6 baskets of spinach, 50 pounds of hay, 10 pounds of tomatoes, and 10 bunches of leeks. What actually came aboard in the late afternoon was twenty chickens, twenty melons, and a few heads of cabbage.

Both the ship and the passengers had counted on buying matches and cigarettes in Dakar. All the American brands of cigarettes were on the chandler's list, but he told us that there were no more in town. Bill and I divided our supply and I at least made a careful day-by-day rationing of mine, but the match situation is serious. I overheard the Captain greeting the chandler this morning and his first question was about matches. It seems the cook had had to borrow matches from the captain in order to light the stove to cook breakfast.

In the afternoon two French submarines, low, rakish, and with the white-uniformed crew standing on deck a few feet above the water, came speeding into the harbor. Later a big transport loaded with sailors moved out of the harbor, and turned north. We wondered how they were going to get past the British blockade, but were told that the ship was unarmed, and that the sailors from the Richelieu and other battleships in ~~known~~ the harbor were being taken to Casablanca, with the knowledge and approval of the English. As the transport passed the Richelieu flags of both ships were dipped in salute, and the departing sailors were lustily cheered by their comrades who still remained on the damaged vessel.

We left the dock and sailed out into the ~~known~~ harbor, late in the afternoon. We were expecting the naval authorities to send out our clearance papers, and a pilot, but no papers came, and we were forced to lie at anchor all night, with plenty of company in the shape of more than fifty ships from almost every belligerent country. Most of them had been there for several weeks, ever since the surrender of France, uncertain as to what their fate would be

if they ventured out. We were told that one Polish ship had made a dash for it one night, taking its chances on the mines (one exploded a few nights ago for no good reason - just blew up all by itself). A French cruiser pursued it for a while, but had to turn back when it reached the thirty mile limit and the British patrol. These ships are having a bad time provisioning their crews. Every day the captain of each ship has to row ashore where he is permitted to buy supplies for one day only.

Being in the harbor meant a blackout for the ship, which is a nuisance. Our portholes are painted black, and if the ports are closed we can have the light on, but that makes the air too hot for comfort. So we left most of the ports open and stumbled around in the dark. Fortunately there was a full moon, and the decks were as bright as day, and all our neighbor ships - British, Norwegian, Swedish, Greek, French - were silhouettes against a light sky and a brilliant rippling ocean. Bill called it the Sargasso Sea, the gathering place of derelict ships from the whole world.
July 20 -

All morning we flew the flag that calls for a pilot, and all morning the captain got angrier and angrier (his name is Sendles, and he is a dour Norwegian). It was actually noon before we got under way and saw Dakar the desolate fade into the distance, pathetic Dakar, not knowing where its next meal is coming from, or even to whom it owes allegiance. It sits waiting for the new Governor General to arrive and make up its mind for it.

An hour and a half out, a French patrol plane flew directly over us, low enough to get a good look at the American flags painted on our boat deck. At ten-thirty tonight, three British ships, two cruisers and a battleship, hailed us, warning us first to put out our lights. Sparks signalled them "West Irmo - New York" and they then let us proceed without any further remarks. The British are certainly watching that harbor and making sure that nobody comes in or goes out without their knowledge.

George, my steward, passed out cold on the deck to-night, after rampling the Berger, gin and Cognac that Gustafson & Jones brought in at Dakar. He lay with his head hanging out over the water for some time before two sailors carried him back to his quarters.

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August 6 -

The voyage across has been uneventful except for Bill's continued ill health. We had one day of rough weather, and many days of a heavy swell that kept the West Irmo rocking from side to side in a tiresome way. Everybody blamed it on the way the ship was loaded, with a great deal of manganese ore in the bottom. It should have been counter-balanced by the heavy mahogany logs on deck, but apparently wasn't. Pickles, sauce and jam slid regularly from the center of the dining table into our laps. The food has been nothing to brag about; the bread tastes of slightly moldy flour; the butter is a little rancid; the meat is stale and tough; the only fresh vegetables are potatoes and onions, and canned vegetables are running low; for the last three days there have been no eggs for breakfast; one's choice of vegetables for lunch or dinner is usually "potatoes, beans or spaghetti".

The Murdochs have been swell company, and Mr. Havey and Gus Gustafson have kept us well amused with their comments on life on the West Coast. Everybody is anxious to get home, and the high point of the day comes shortly after twelve noon when Smitty comes and posts the day's run - average, two hundred miles.

The colored passengers have kept pretty much to themselves, except Jo Walker, who is a very nice, well-brought-up, well educated boy, with a good sense of humor. The Reverends are chiefly noted for their enormous appetites; Rev. Peacock eats cake all through dinner, with salad, meat and dessert; Rev. Ricks gets up at 2 in the morning and eats sandwiches in the dining room in solitary ~~gourmet~~ gourmandcy.

Bill had no complaint against the food until after we left Dakar. Then he had a spell of dysentery, which he dosed with yatren, and has felt badly after since, with very little appetite and for the last three days considerable nausea. This morning he woke up with a violent pain his stomach, and we spent a worried and anxious day. About noon I asked the Captain what chance there was of getting a doctor out to the ship when we enter quarantine tonight, and he said it would be too late, and it meant too much red tape to get ahold of the proper authorities. Bill grew steadily worse all day, however, and finally, when the pilot came aboard at nine o'clock, a letter was sent over to the pilot ship asking them to get word ashore. It was an hour and a half from there to quarantine, and when we dropped anchor we watched the shore anxiously for signs of a launch coming out to the ship. A little after eleven we saw lights coming out toward us; as the launch drew closer the Fourth Officer hailed it "Is that the doctor?" and the comforting reply came back that it was. He was the quarantine doctor, and he bundled Bill off in a Coast Guard Cutter to the Marine Hospital.

August 7 -

We docked at eight this morning, and never has the United States looked quite so good, so comforting and safe as it did today. The Davis and Shippens were on the dock, and as soon as they were within speaking distance they called up "Where's Doc?" I shouted back that he had gone ashore, which puzzled them considerably. Not until they were on board did I tell them that Bill was

sick, and I didn't know how seriously.

It was a bad morning for me, with my mind full of worry over Bill, having to face the newspaper men and give interviews on the trip, getting our stuff through customs, and making sure from time to time that the animals were all right. Frank Lowe was there to take charge of the animals, and he did a swell job. The animals began to go ashore as soon as we docked, and by ten o'clock were in American Express trucks and on their way. The doctor who took Bill to the hospital last night finally turned up with the news that Bill insisted on coming down to the dock and he came, in a Marine automobile, with a doctor and an orderly, looking too ill for words, yellow as an orange, wobbly, thin, and so full of morphine that he hardly knew what he was doing. Everything was off the dock when he got there, so we had no difficulty in persuading him to go back to the hospital and go to bed. He rested all day, while I went to lunch with the Duval Browns. Mr. Stubbs called for us and took us to the Norfolk boat in the late afternoon, and we put Bill to bed there as soon as he reached the cabin.

The animals survived the trip much better than Bill did. Our only serious loss was one water chevrotain, which died of an abscess in the breast. We lost a couple of young civets, the three chameleons, a couple of crocodiles and snakes, but our other antelopes, the ratel, all the monkeys, the monkey-eating eagle, and both hippos seem in fine shape. We had a difficult time feeding them, as so much of our food supplies spoiled in Monrovia and we were unable to replenish them in Dakar. The hippos refused rice, cabbage or bananas, eating only sweet and Irish potatoes. Fortunately the ship had enough potatoes to augment our supply, and I cut up about four buckets full every day for hippos and antelope. The antelope got very tame, and agreeably ate everything we offered them. The bananas lasted for the entire trip, which is unusual, and showed good planning and budgeting of supplies by Ralph. Ralph has certainly been a comfort, always quiet and efficient and optimistic. One of the enjoyable things of the trip has been to hear him down on his knees in front of a cage talking baby talk to his hippos. How he loves the slimy ugly beasts!

August 8 -

Dr. Wetmore and Mr. Walker met the boat when we got in this morning, and helped Bill off and up to the apartment. We called Carl Eckhardt immediately, and spent the day arranging for his hospitalization. It seems too bad that such an interesting expedition should end with his looking like a caricature of what West Africa at ~~his~~ its worst can do to a man. We finally got him into Naval Hospital, and I hope he will be contented to stay until he is rested, and properly diagnosed, and fed properly and nursed back to health. Of course what he really wants is to visit the Zoo!